The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE WEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Oh! Western land, that God's right hand
Hath crowned a mighty queen,
To thee I raise a hymn of praise
From every hill-top green.

Of valleys deep, where lakelets sleep
Secluded and alone,
Of meadows broad, by man untrod,
With grasses overgrown;

Of prairies wide, where rivers glide
O'er to the mighty sea—
To these I bring my offering,
All humble though it be.

Ah! vale and hill, shall start and thrill
In mingled joy and pain,
When the iron steed, with awful speed,
Comes rushing o'er the plain.

Oh! Western land, destined to stand
The glory of the earth!
All worlds shall bow before thy brow,
Acknowledging thy worth.

And loud and long shall be my song
Wherever I may roam—
Land of the blest, oh, mighty West,
My country and my home.

Westport, Wis.

ENTRY OF THE EMIR INTO SAMARCAND.

Samarcand is the ancient capital of Central Asia, and at the present day is the largest and most beautiful city in Turkestan. The inhabitants say of it:—"Samarcand resembles Paradise;" and a Persian Poet says: "Samarcand is the centre of the whole globe"—thus anticipating, as it will be seen, a common boast of the inhabitants of the towns in our own Western States. But M. Vambery, a Hungarian gentleman, was greatly disappointed with its appearance. Though it is the most beautiful city in Central Asia, it is far inferior to what the glowing descriptions had led him to expect.

M. Vambery believed that the birthplace of the Hungarian language was in Central Asia, and it was in order to get light upon this subject, that he undertook the perilous journey to Samarcand. Our engraving represents the Entry of the Emir (or governor) into Samarcand.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PAMPERO.

During the whole course of their journey, which lasted two hours, Don Sylvio and Don Blas did not exchange a single word, to the great surprise of the capatas. Don Sylvio was thinking of his approaching happiness, which was slightly overclouded, through the sadness of the leave-taking, and Dona Concha's presentiments. But these vague alarms were dissipated like the morning mist by the sun, so soon as he arrived at El Carmen.

Don Sylvio's first care was to visit the house to which he would lead Dona Concha, after the nuptial ceremony was performed. Though comfort does not exist in South America, it was a fairy palace, thronged with all the splendors of luxury. A band of English, French, and Italian workmen, collected with extraordinary difficulty, were toiling without relaxation, under the orders of a skillful architect, in putting the final touch to this creation out of the Arabian Nights, which had already swallowed up large sums, and which would be in a condition to receive its new hosts within eight and forty hours. At Carmen nothing was talked of but the splendors of Don Sylvio d'Arenal's palace; the curious crowd that collected in front of the gates related marvels about this princely residence.

Don Sylvio, satisfied at seeing his dream accomplished, smiled as he thought of his betrothed, and after complimenting the architect and the workmen, proceeded to pay a visit to the governor, where important business summoned him.

The commandant gave the young man, with whose father he had been intimate, a gracious reception. Still, in spite of the courteous manner of Don Antonio Valverde, Sylvio fancied he could notice traces of secret annoyance in his face.

The governor was a brave and honorable soldier, who had rendered good service in the War of Independence, and the government had placed him on honorable half-pay, by entrusting to him the command of Carmen, a post he had held for fifteen years. Courageous, strict, and just, the commandant kept the gauchos in order by the punishment of the *garota*, and foiled the repeated attempts of the Indians, who came even under the guns of the fortress, to harry cattle, and carry off the prisoners, especially women. Gifted with but a poor intellect, but supported by his own experience, and the esteem of all the honest people in the colony, he was not deficient in a certain energy of character. Physically, he was a tall, stout man, with a rubicund, pimpled face, full of self-satisfaction, who listened to people speaking, and carefully weighed his words, as if they were made of gold.

Don Sylvio was surprised at the anxiety which disturbed the usual placidity of the colonel's face.

"It is a miracle," the latter said, as he cordially pressed the young man's hand, "for which I thank nuestra Senora del Carmen, to see you here."

"In a few days you will not be able to reproach me thus," Don Sylvio replied.

"Then, it is coming off soon?" Don Antonio said, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, I hope to be married within four days. I have come to Carmen to-day to give the master's look at the final arrangements of my house."

"All the better," the commandant replied; "I am enchanted that you are about to settle among us, Don Sylvio; your betrothed is the prettiest girl in the colony."

"I thank you in her name, colonel."

"Do you spend the day at Carmen?"

"Yes, and I intend returning to the estancia at an early hour to-morrow."

"In that case you will breakfast with me, without ceremony?"

"Willingly."

"That is famous," said the commandant, as he rang a bell.

A negro slave appeared.

"This gentleman is going to breakfast with me. By-the-bye, Don Sylvio, I have a large packet of papers addressed to you, which arrived last night from Buenos Ayres by express."

"Heaven be praised! I feared some delay. These papers are indispensable for my marriage."

"All is for the best," Don Antonio remarked.

The young man placed the packet in his coat pocket, and the slave opened the door again.

"Your excellency is served," he said.

A third guest was waiting for them in the dining-room. It was Major Bloomfield, a tall, dry, punctilious Englishman, who had been second in command at Carmen for twenty years past. Don Antonio and the major had fought side by side in their youth, and had a fraternal attachment. They sat down, after the usual ceremony, to an abundantly and delicately-covered table, and at the dessert the conversation, which had suffered through the appetite of the guests, became thoroughly friendly.

"By-the-way," Don Sylvio asked, "what is the matter with you, Don Antonio? you do not seem in your usual good spirits."

"That is true," the commandant said, as he sipped a glass of Xeres de la Frontera; "I am sad."

"You sad? hang it, you alarm me; if I had not seen you breakfast with such a good appetite, I should fancy you ill."

"Yes," the old soldier answered with a sigh; "my appetite is all right."

"What else can annoy you?"

"A foreboding," the commandant said seriously.

"A foreboding," Don Sylvio repeated, remembering Dona Concha's parting words.

"I, too, feel anxious, in spite of myself," the major added; "there is something, I know not what, in the air. A danger is suspended over our heads, but whence it will come, the Lord alone knows."

"Yes," Don Antonio remarked, "He knows; and, believe me, Don Sylvio, He gives warnings to men when they are in danger."

"Major Bloomfield and you, both old soldiers, brave as their swords, cannot be frightened at a shadow; so what are your reasons?"

"I have none," said the colonel; "still—"

"Come, come, Don Antonio," Sylvio remarked gayly, "you are suffering from what the major would call blue devils. It is a species of spleen produced by the English fogs, and not at all at home in this country, which is full of sunshine. Take my advice, colonel; have yourself bled, and in two days the fog over your imagination will be dissipated; do you not agree with me, major?"

"I wish it may be so," the old officer answered, with a shake of his head.

"Nonsense!" Sylvio remarked, "life is too short as it is, then why sadden it by chimeras?"

"On the frontier men can be sure of nothing."

"The Indians have become lambs."

"Excellency," a slave said, opening the door, "a bombero, who has arrived at full speed, requests an interview."

The three gentlemen looked at one another.

"Let him come in," the colonel said.

Heavy footsteps echoed in the passage, and the bombero appeared; it was Pedrito. He certainly had at this moment the look of a bearer of ill-tidings, and seemed to have just come out of a fight. His rugged clothes were stained with blood and mud, an unusual pallor covered his face, and he leant on his rifle, for he was exhausted by his hurried ride.

"Take this glass of wine," said Don Sylvio, "it will restore you."

"No," Pedrito answered, thrusting the glass away, "it is not wine I thirst for, but blood."

The bombero wiped his dank forehead with the back of his hand, and said in a sharp, quick voice, which conveyed terror to the hearts of the three hearers—

"The Indians are coming down."

"Have you seen them?" the major asked.

"Yes," he replied hoarsely.

"When?"

"This morning."

"Far from here?"

"Twenty leagues."

"How many are they?"

"Count the grains of the sand on the pampa, and you will have their number."

"Oh," the colonel exclaimed, "that is impossible, the Indians cannot thus organise an army at a day's notice. Terror must have made you see double."

"Terror, nonsense!" the bombero answered disdainfully, "in the desert we have not time to know it."

"But, tell me, how are they coming?"

"Like a hurricane, burning and plundering everything on their passage. They form a vast semicircle, whose two extremities are gradually drawing near to Carmen. They act with a certain method, under the orders of a chief who is, doubtless, practised and skilful."

"That is serious," the commandant said.

The major shook his head.

"Why did you warn us so late?" he said to the bombero.

"This morning at sunrise my three brothers and I were surrounded by two or three hundred Indians, who seemed to emerge suddenly from the ground. What a fight it was! We defended ourselves like lions; Juan is dead, Pepe and Lopez are wounded, but we escaped at last, and here I am."

"Return to your post as speedily as possible; a fresh horse will be given you."

"I am off."

"Well," said Don Antonio, after Pedrito had retired, "what do you think of our presentiments, Don Sylvio? But where are you going?" he asked the young man, who had risen from his chair.

"I shall return to the Estancia of San Julian, which the Indians have, perhaps, attacked. Oh, Dona Conchita!"

"San Julian is fortified, and safe against surprise. Still, try and induce Don Valentine and his daughter to return to Carmen, where they will be in greater security."

"Thanks, colonel, I will try, and do you offer a bold front to the enemy. As you are aware, the Indians only attempt surprise, and so soon as they see that their plans are discovered, they are off again."

"May heaven hear you."

"Good-bye for the present, gentlemen, and I wish you success," said the young man, as he pressed the hand of the two old soldiers.

Don Blas Salazar, who was waiting for Don Sylvio in the courtyard, ran up to him so soon as he perceived him.

"Well," the capatas said, "you know the news. The Indians are making a descent."

"I have just been told so."

"What are we going to do?"

"Return to the estancia."

"Hum, Don Sylvio, that is not at all prudent; the Indians will, doubtless, bar our way."

"We will pass over their bodies."

"Of course, of course, but suppose they kill you?"

"Nonsense! Dona Concha is expecting me."

"As you please," the capatas answered, "all is ready for our departure; the horses are here, saddled and all. Let us be off."

"Thank you, Blas, you are a good fellow," Sylvio said, as he held out his hand to him.

"I am aware of it."

"Off we go."

Don Sylvio and Blas, escorted by the two slaves, walked their horses through the crowd of idlers who had assembled in front of the fortress to hear the news; then they went at a sharp trot down the rather steep hill that leads from the citadel to old Carmen, and at length galloped towards San Julian.

They had not noticed the behaviour of sundry suspicious-looking fellows who had followed them at a distance ever since they started, and were talking eagerly together.

The weather was stormy, and the clouds were gray and low. The air seemed motionless, a deep silence brooded over the solitude; a white cloud, light as a sand-drift, collected in the south-west, which advanced, and each moment grew larger. All announced the approach of the pampero, that simoom of the prairies.

The clouds collected, the dust rose and ran along in dense columns, suspended between earth and sky. The clouds enveloped the plain as in a mantle, whose corners the gusts lifted at every moment, and which lightning flashes rent here and there. Puffs of hot air traversed the space, and suddenly the tempest rushed up furiously from the horizon, sweeping the pampa with irresistible violence. The light was obscured by masses of sand; a thick gloom covered the earth, and the thunder mingled its terrible artillery with the howling of the hurricane. Enormous masses were detached from the lofty cliffs, and fell with a frightful din into the sea.

The travellers got off their horses, and sheltered themselves behind rocks on the sea-shore. When the worst of the storm had passed, they set out again, Don Sylvio and Blas riding silently side by side, while the two slaves, twenty yards ahead, trembled at the thought of seeing the Indians appear.

The storm had slightly diminished in intensity, the pampero had carried its fury further, but the rain fell in torrents, and thunder and lightning followed each other uninterruptedly. The travellers could not continue their journey, for they ran the risk of being thrown at every moment by their horses, which reared in affright. The ground and the sand, moistened by the rain, did not offer a single spot where the brutes could set their feet in safety; they stumbled, slipped, and threatened to fall.

"Whatever we may do," said the capatas, "it is impossible to go any further so we had better halt again, and seek refuge under that clump of trees."

"Very good," Don Sylvio said, with a sigh of resignation.

The little party proceeded toward a wood that bordered the road. They were only some fifteen paces from it, when four men, whose faces were concealed by black masks, dashed out of the wood at a gallop, and silently attacked the travellers.

The slaves rolled off their horses, struck by two bullets the strangers had fired, and writhed on the ground in convulsions of agony. Don Sylvio and Blas Salazar, astonished at this sudden attack on the part of men who could not be Indians, for they wore the dress of gauchos, and their hands were white, immediately dismounted, and making a rampart of their horses, awaited the attack of their adversaries, with levelled rifles.

Bullets were exchanged on both sides, and a fierce combat, silent and unequal, began; one of the assailants fell with his skull cleft to the teeth; and Don Sylvio passed his sword through the chest of another.

"Well, my masters," he shouted to them, "have you had enough? or does another of you wish to form the acquaintance of my blade? You are fools, ten of you should have come to assassinate us."

"What!" the capatas added, "are you going to give in already? you are clumsy fellows for cut-throats—and the man who pays you ought to have made a better choice."

In fact, the two masked men had fallen back; but immediately four other men, also masked, appeared, and all six rushed at the Spaniards, who firmly awaited their attack.

"Hang it! pardon our having calumniated you; you know your trade," said Don Blas, as he fired a pistol into the thick of his adversaries.

The latter, still silent, returned the fire, and the fight began again with fresh fury. But the two brave Spaniards, whose strength was exhausted, and whose blood was flowing, fell in their turn on the corpses of two other assailants, whom they sacrificed to their rage before succumbing.

So soon as the strangers saw Don Sylvio and Blas were motionless, they uttered a cry of triumph. Paying no heed to the capatas, they raised Don Sylvio d'Arenal's body, laid it across one of their horses, and fled away at full speed along the devious path.

Seven corpses strewed the ground. After the assailants the vultures arrived, which hovered and circled above the victims, and mingled their hoarse croaks of triumph with the sound of the hurricane.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATIONS FOR A SIEGE.

"It is a heavy blow," the governor said, after Don Sylvio had left the room; "but, viva Dios! the pagans shall find some one to talk to. Major, warn the officers to assemble at once, for a council of war, so that we may arrange the defensive operations."

"That is the plan," the major answered; "I am satisfied with you. You draw yourself up haughtily, and I find you again, at last, my dear fellow."

"Ah! my dear Bloomfield, the presentiment of an unknown misfortune depresses one's courage, while danger, however great it may be, once we have it face to face, ceases to cause us terror."

"You are right," said the major, who left the room to carry out his chief's orders.

The officers of the garrison, six in number, without counting the colonel and the major, were soon assembled in the governor's rooms.

"Sit down, caballeros," he said to them, "you are doubtless aware of the motive of this meeting. The Indians are threatening the colony, and a powerful league has been formed among the Patagonians. What forces have we at our disposal?"

"We are not deficient in arms and ammunition," the major replied. "We have more than two hundred thousand cartridges, and abundance of muskets, pistols, sabres, and lances; and our guns are amply supplied with round shot and canister."

"Very good."

"Unfortunately," the major continued, "our troops—"

"How many have we?"

"Our effective strength should be one hundred and twenty—but, death, illness, and desertions, have reduced it to scarce eighty."

"Eighty!" the colonel said, with a shake of his head. "In the presence of a formidable invasion, as the common safety is at stake, can we not compel the inhabitants to get under arms?"

"It is their duty," one of the officers said.

"An imposing force must crown our walls," Don Antonio continued; "and this is what I propose. All the negro slaves will be enlisted, and formed into a company; the merchants will form a separate corps; the gauchos, well armed and mounted, will defend the approaches to the town, and act as patrols outside. We shall thus muster seven hundred men, a sufficient force to repulse the Indians."

"You know, colonel," an officer objected, "that the gauchos are utter scoundrels, and that the least disturbance is to them an excuse for plundering."

"On that account they will be employed for the external defence. They will be encamped outside the colony, and, to diminish the chances of revolt among them, they will

be divided into two squadrons, one of which will scout, while the other is resting. In this way we shall have nothing to fear from them."

"As for the creoles, and strangers residing in the colony," the major remarked, "I think it will be as well to give them orders to come to the fortress every night, to be armed in case of necessity."

"Excellent. The number of bomberos will be doubled to prevent a surprise, and barricades raised at each entrance to the town, to protect us from the terrible charges of the Indians."

"If that is your opinion, colonel," the major interrupted, "a sure man ought to be sent off to the estancias, to tell them to seek refuge in Carmen, when they are warned of the approach of the enemy by their cannon shots."

"Do so, major, for the poor people would be piteously massacred by the savages. The inhabitants of the town must also be warned that all their females must withdraw into the fort, when the pagans come in sight, unless they wish them to fall into the hands of the Indians. In the last invasion, if you remember, they carried off upwards of two hundred. And now, gentlemen, all that is left to us is to do our duty truly, and confide in the will of Heaven."

The officers rose, and were about to take leave of their chief, when a slave announced another bombero.

"Show him in—and pray be seated again, caballeros."

The scout was Pepe, Petrito's brother. Although he had started five hours after his brother from their place of ambush, he was scarce an hour behind him. His great pace indicated the gravity of the news he brought. He had retained his cunning look, although his face was pale, blood-stained, and black with gunpowder. His torn clothes, the handkerchief fastened round his head, his arm in a sling, but above all, four scalps hanging from his girdle, showed that he had ridden through the Indians in order to reach Carmen.

"Pepe," the governor said to him, "your brother has just left me."

"I know it, colonel."

"Is your news worse than his?"

"That depends on the way in which you take it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why," the bombero said carelessly, "if you are fond of your ease, I have not come to re-assure you; if you feel a desire to mount your horse and see the Patagonians, you will have no occasion to indulge your fancy, as what I have to tell will cause you immense pleasure."

In spite of the gravity of the circumstances, and the anxiety of his hearers, they smiled at Pepe's singular arguments.

"Explain yourself, Pepe," the governor said to him.

"Ten minutes after my brother's departure," the bombero went on, "I examined some bushes which I had seen moving in an unusual manner. I discovered a negro, who was pale in spite of his black hide, and whose tongue terror appeared to have tied. At length he made up his mind to speak. He belonged to a poor old gentleman of the name of Ignacio Bayul, one of the two men who alone escaped from the massacre on the peninsula of San Jose, during the last invasion of the Patagonians. The slave and his master were gathering wood, when the Indians appeared a short distance off; the slave had time to conceal himself behind a pile of *biscacha*, but the old man fell beneath the blows of the savages, who attacked him with lances and *bolas perdidas*. I began re-assuring the negro, but at the same moment perceived a multitude of Indians driving prisoners and cattle before them, burning and destroying everything as they passed in full march on Carmen. The Estancia of Punta Rosa and that of San Blas are at this moment a pile of ashes, and serve as tombs to the owners. That is my news, excellency, and you can do what you like with it."

"And those bleeding scalps?" the major asked, pointing to the human trophies that hung from the bombero's belt.

"That is a personal matter," Pepe replied, with a smile. "Through friendship for the Indians, I preferred to lift their hair rather than leave them my head."

"Perhaps it is only a band of plunderers of the pampas, who have come to steal cattle, and will retire with their booty."

"Hump," said Pepe, with a shake of his head, "they are too numerous, too well equipped, and are advancing with too much regularity. No, colonel, it is not a skirmish, but an invasion."

"Thanks, Pepe," the colonel said, "I am satisfied with you. Return to your post, and redouble your vigilance."

"Juan is dead, colonel, and that will tell you how fond my brothers and I are of the Indians."

The bombero retired.

"You see, gentlemen," said Don Antonio, "that time presses. Go all of you to your duties."

"One moment," said Major Bloomfield, "I have one more suggestion to make."

"Speak, my friend."

"We are, so to speak, lost in this corner of the earth, and remote from any help; we may be besieged in Carmen, and forced into surrender by starvation. Under these imperious circumstances, I ask that a ship should be sent to Buenos Ayres to describe our situation, and request reinforcements."

"What do you think, gentlemen, of the major's suggestion?" the colonel asked, looking inquiringly at the officers.

"It is excellent, colonel, excellent," one of them answered.

"The suggestion will be carried out at once," Don Antonio continued, "and now, gentlemen, you can withdraw."

The defence of the fort and town was organized with a rapidity inconceivable to any one acquainted with Spanish sloth; danger gave courage to the timid and doubled the ardor of the others. Two hours later the cattle had been driven in and corraled, the streets barricaded, the guns sponged out, and the women and children shut up in buildings adjoining the fort, a vessel was sailing for Buenos Ayres, and one hundred and fifty resolute men were entrenched at Poblacion del Sur, the houses of which they had loop-holed.

The governor and Major Bloomfield seemed to be everywhere at once; encouraging the troops, ordering the workmen, and imparting energy to all.

About three in the afternoon, a violent breeze sprang up, which bore from the south-west the smoke occasioned by firing the country, and hiding distant objects. The inhabitants of Carmen were devoured with anxiety.

Such is the simple and ingenious plan the southern nations employ to favor their invasion of the territory of the whites, to hide their manœuvres, and conceal their numbers from the piercing eyes of the bomberos. The smoke, like a floating wall, separated the Indians from Carmen, and in consequence of the brightness of the nights they had selected the period of the full moon.

The scouts, in spite of the dense smoke that protected the enemy, arrived at a gallop one after the other, and announced that they would be before Carmen during the night. In fact, the Indian hordes, whose numbers incessantly increased, covered the whole extent of the plain, and advanced on the town with startling rapidity.

By the governor's orders, the three alarm shots were fired. The estancieros could then be seen flocking up, driving their cattle before them, and on seeing their houses fired, and their rich crops destroyed, they shed tears of despair. These poor people encamped where they could, in the open places of the town, and after leading their wives and daughters to the fort, those who were of manly age took up arms, and rushed to the barriers and barricades, resolved to take vengeance for their ruin.

The consternation and terror were general; on all sides could be heard lamentation and stifled sobs; the night arrived to add its horrors to the situation, and enfold the town in its mourning. Numerous patrols traversed the streets, and, at intervals, daring bomberos slipped furtively of the city to watch the approach of the coming peril.

About two in the morning, in the midst of an impressive silence, a slight sound was audible, at first almost imperceptible, but which was every moment augmented, and, as if by enchantment, the Aucas crowned the top of the barricades in Poblacion del Sur, and waving lighted torches, uttered their war-yell.

For a moment the inhabitants fancied the town captured; but Major Bloomfield, who commanded this post, was on his guard against the tricks of the Indians. At the moment when the Aucas prepared to escalade the barricades, a sharp fusilade broke out, which hurled them to the foot of the entrenchments. The Argentines dashed forward at the bayonet point, and there was a frightful medley, from which issued groans of agony, imprecations, and the harsh clang of steel against steel. This was all; the Spaniards regained their position, the Indians disappeared, and the town, so lately illumined by the light of the torches, fell back into shadow and silence.

As the Indian surprise had failed, they would either withdraw or invest the town. At daybreak, however, all the illusions of the inhabitants were dissipated—the enemy had not thought of retreating.

It was a heartrending sight! the country was devastated, and the expiring flames could still be seen in the distance. Here, a band of Aucas were driving horses off; there, warriors, with lances erect, were watching the movements of the townspeople; behind them squaws and children were driving cattle, which uttered long lowings; here and there prisoners, men, women, and children, forced along by blows with lance-staves, were holding up their suppliant arms to the town walls. Patagonians were planting poles and erecting toldos; and, lastly, far as eye could reach, fresh bands of Indians descended into the plain from all sides.

The oldest soldiers in the fort, who had been witnesses of previous wars, were amazed at the regularity of the enemy's march. The toldos were skillfully grouped; the infantry executed, with great precision, movements which they had hitherto been ignorant of, and it was an extraordinary thing, which stupefied the colonel and the major, to see the Aucas form a parallel round the town, and almost instantaneously throw up earthworks, which protected them from the artillery.

"*Sangre de Dios!*" the colonel exclaimed, there is a traitor among the villains; never before have they waged war in this way."

"Hum!" the major muttered, biting his moustache;" if Buenos Ayres does not send succor, we are lost."

"Yes, my friend, we shall leave our skins here."

"How many are they, colonel?—twenty thousand; thirty thousand?"

"And those who are still coming up, and who blacken the distant plains?—but what means the sound of that bugle?"

Four ulmens, preceded by an Indian, who carried a white flag, had halted within half gun-shot of the first barriers of Poblacion del Sur.

"They seem," the colonel said, "to be desiring a parley. Do they fancy me fool enough to venture into that trap? Major, just fire a round of canister into that group to teach them not to treat us as fools."

"We should be wrong, colonel; let us learn what they want."

"But where shall we find a man fool enough to risk his carcase among those pagans, who have neither faith nor law?"

"I will go, with your permission," the major said, simply.

"You?" Don Antonio exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes, I. Unfortunate persons have been confided to our guard and our honor. I am but a man; my life is of but little consequence for the defence of the town. I am old, colonel, and will try to save the inhabitants of Carmen."

The governor suppressed a sigh, and affectionately shook his old friend's hand.

"Go," he said, with considerable emotion, "and may Heaven protect you!"

"Thanks," Major Bloomfield answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Take My Hand.

In the dead of night I am frequently awakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry: "Please take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and, soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence, he falls into a deep sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once, night may enfold you in its cold embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and, in the simple grasp of the Father's hand, sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the morning cometh.—*Congregationalist.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

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When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," &c.

In a few weeks we design commencing a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall probably print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

☞ Particular gentleman (exhibiting a singular-looking object in the soup-ladle)—"Waiter, do you know what that is?" Waiter—"That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often find 'em in soup, sir. No charge for it, sir."

☞ A year or two since an enterprising manufacturer of liquor in this city tried crushed potato-bugs to color port wine. He gave them a fair trial, but at the end of six months found that they didn't color the wine a particle better than the juice of bed-bugs does, and that the flavor given the wine was not as good as that given by the bed-bug juice. There was one more objection. He could catch the bed-bugs all seasons of the year, but could not find potato-bugs only about six or eight months of the year. He has pronounced curses on them, and declared them good for nothing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BURIED CITIES OF CAMPANIA; OR, POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM. Their History, their Destruction and their Remains. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS, author of "Records of Noble Lives," &c.' This work is profusely illustrated, and is very interesting. We cordially commend it to our readers as most excellent reading—being both entertaining and instructive. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; G. T. Day & Co., Dover, N. H.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MY DAUGHTER ELINOR. A Novel. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. Designed for Academies and High Schools. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LAMPS, PITCHERS AND TRUMPETS. Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher. Illustrated by Anecdotes, of every order of Pulpit Eloquence, from the Great Preachers of All Ages. By EDWARD PAXTON HOOD, Minister of Queen-Square Chapel, Brighton, author of "Wordsworth, an Æsthetic Biography," &c. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

UNCLE JOHN'S FLOWER-GATHERERS. A Companion for the Woods and Fields. With Illustrations. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PHILIP BRANTLEY'S LIFE WORK, AND HOW HE FOUND IT. By M. E. M. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR JULY. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.

THE OLD GUARD FOR JULY. Devoted to the Political Principles of 1776 and 1860. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE FOR JUNE.

GOOD HEALTH FOR JULY. Published by A. Moore, Boston.

Conjugal Surprises.

Paris is responsible for many a sensational story, but we have met with few that have eclipsed the following as told in a recent Paris letter:—

A husband, we are assured, went out with his wife on New Year's Eve to do some shopping. On passing the great establishment of the Louvre the young wife so fell in love with something charming in a dress suspended in the window, that her husband determined to surprise her with it as an *étrenne*. He brought his partner to her father's who lived not far off, and, feigning to have forgotten something, he begged of her to await his return. Running back to the shop, he bought the dress, and ordered it to be sent at once to his lodging, writing upon the paper that wrapped it, this little dedicatory address—"From your husband" (*ton mari.*) He then left the shop to return to his better half, but meeting some people and being delayed late, he went straight home without calling for his wife, and depending on the pretty present to make all square if she was displeased at his absence and apparent negligence. Madame was very much displeased indeed, and, to make matters worse, the peace-offering was not forthcoming, for the stupid porter had handed it in at the wrong apartment, which was at the opposite side of the staircase. There the beautiful dress and the inscription caused much surprise, for the lady who inhabited the rooms and her husband, not agreeing, had made a voluntary separation several months before. Married couples are often sorry for the rash effects of anger, and the poor lady, seeing the beautiful present from her separated husband as she thought, melted into tears of tenderness at his supposed contrition, and ran out at once and purchased a beautiful leather writing-case, which she dispatched to his residence with the inscription "From thy wife." The poor husband, also overwhelmed with the reminiscence of old conjugal happiness, appeared at the door within half an hour, and such a scene of weeping, and embracing, and apologies, and vows of future love—ay, indeed, ladies, and soft kisses—was never beheld. "How kind of you," at last said the sobbing wife, "to think of sending me this lovely dress!" The astonished husband had to acknowledge that he knew nothing of the parcel—but peace being already made it was no matter, and the porter's mistake had borne happy fruit. The real owner began to make inquiry, and found the parcel, which reconciled his wife to him also. An explanation and a consequent introduction ensued, and the two couples went out together and had a little feast at one of the best taverns in Paris. They returned at night, and each pair separated from the other pair on the staircase landing, two as happy wives and two as happy husbands as any who retired to rest in each other's arms that New Year's Eve in the city of Paris.

Beggars' Marks.

A pendant to the anecdote of O'Connell silencing the vituperative fish-fag by calling her an isosceles triangle, and declaring that he had seen her walking out with a trapezium, has been found by the Winchester gentleman, who, in front of his rockery of ferns has placed this notice, "Beggars, beware! Scholopendriums and Polypodiums are set here!" It is said that the beggars keep at a respectful distance, though its effect would fail if the beggars were unable to read. A country friend of mine adopts the plan of marking in chalk on his gate-post that mysterious abracadabra of a "beggar's mark" in the form of a square, which, in the cadger's language, means "Gammy (unfavorable), likely to have you taken up: mind the dog." This he varies with the hieroglyphic of a chalked circle, with a dot in the centre, which signifies "Flummuxed (dangerous), sure of a month in *quod*." Peripatetic vagabonds can understand these marks when they cannot read plain print.

☞ The National Monument at Gettysburg was dedicated on the 1st. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a prayer, Bayard Taylor a poem, and Gen. Meade and Senator Morton made addresses. A large concourse of people from various parts of the country was present.

☞ Freight on tea is two cents a pound the old way and thirteen via Pacific Railroad, from China to New York.

Orators and Reporters.

We have heard, often enough, of the way in which speeches in Congress and elsewhere are frequently made up for the public. In many instances they are prepared by the industrious private secretary, and either read or repeated from memory by the representatives of the people. Some, more self-reliant, but not more capable, trust to their own unaided efforts, and make egregious failures; or what would be failures if any effect was sought to be made upon the hearers, or the address was really made to the assembly before whom it is delivered. It is, however, aimed at the country, or that small part of it which the orator numbers in his constituency. Accordingly, it is the duty of the reporter to put it in correct form for the printer, and by the time the proofs have been revised, such a speech is put on paper as would astonish those who heard the original delivery, if, indeed, they had paid any attention to it. These are the methods by which many public speeches are got up for the papers; but it is rarely the case that the reporter has such aid in his work as in a case told by Cornelius O'Dowd in a recent number of Blackwood.

It was a time of great political excitement in Great Britain, when party lines were closely drawn, and the accession of a single man of prominence to either side might prove of the highest importance. A large public meeting was to be held by the Tories in Ireland. The speakers were carefully selected, and the utmost preparation was made. One Boyton was to move, and support by a speech the principal resolution, and he had secluded himself for weeks, and worked at the details of his speech incessantly. When the day of the meeting came, a Marquis, who had previously stood aloof without committing himself to either side, and whose wealth and position made him a tower of strength to the party with which he should act, came forward and expressed himself as ready to speak if he could be allowed to take the resolution which had been reserved for the brilliant Boyton. Of course there could be but one reply. The noble Marquis must be conciliated at any cost; and Boyton sadly and haughtily, withdrew—the labor of a month past lost as he supposed. We will let O'Dowd finish the story in his own words;

"The business of the meeting began. Peer followed peer, and deputy-lieutenant spoke after county member, with the same sort of fluency and the same stock of platitude such assemblages record generally. There was plenty of cheering, however, and a very hearty air of concurrence on the part of the listeners; and at last, as Lord D——— came forward, a thundering Kentish fire welcomed his appearance. 'Now for a splendid display of unmitigated blundering,' muttered Boyton, whose dark brow loomed with unusual blackness as he scowled at the scene. 'What a mess of confusion and misapprehension he will make of it!'

"The speaker began tamely and irresolutely; he mumbled something about his astonishment at seeing himself where he was, his total want of preparation, and his general condition of ignorance as to what the meeting expected of him. He was not given to speech-making, he was a plain county gentleman, who for the most part shunned large gatherings, which generally speaking, he thought were mobs, and he hated mobs. (Here he was cheered, and seemed rather the better for it.) He thought mobs were good things for O'Connell and Shield, and those kind of people who were fond of open air talking, but did not suit gentlemen (more cheering;) after which he maundered on into some weak abuse of the Whigs, and the way in which they courted the party of disaffection in Ireland.

"'Oh! listen to that miserable driveller,' groaned Boyton; "see how he is unmasking his battery before he has fired a shot! Does he not perceive that he is destroying us? Does he not feel that his stupidity will cover us with shame and confusion? The real line of argument is this'—and here, with an impassioned vehemence, he ran over the leading points on which he meant to have insisted, showing how a mock resistance by O'Connell was to have given way on certain measures of conciliation being proposed, and a sham fight be performed before the eyes of the nation. 'Hear him now,' he muttered. 'Hear how that dolt is undoing every step I have won, and actually uprooting the foundation of our position.'

"Lord D——— at last concluded, three deafening cheers greeting him as he sat down, and three more calling him back to acknowledge the enthusiastic delight of the meeting.

"The editor of the leading Conservative paper, a man of remarkable social ability, and the real mover of the party, stood at Boyton's side, and tried to pacify and appease him. 'Your case,' said he, 'is hard enough, but think of *mine*, which is perhaps harder. You have lost an occasion for a grand intellectual display, but I must endeavor to make that man appear to have made one. It will never do to report what he has said, and what shall I do with him?'

"An ignorant young man, who had no doubt on any subject, was present, and whispered the editor in these words: 'Come back with me to the printing-office, and I'll make the thing easy enough. I have been standing by Boyton all day, and I have heard every point of his argument. We'll give it to D———, and make a capital speech for him.' The editor closed with the bargain at once, they both slipped noiselessly away, gained P——— street, and by the evening edition Lord D———'s speech appeared; it filled two columns of the paper, and was the speech of the day. It was not merely a piece of admirable close reasoning and logic, but was marked by bursts of high eloquence and splendid imagery, which well justified the 'deafening cheering' which interrupted the speaker, and compelled him to pause till the enthusiasm had partly subsided.

"Nor was it the worst of the joke that Lord D——— fully believed he had delivered the oration as it was reported, saying: 'I don't do these sort of things often; but when my blood is up, I get along without knowing it, never wanting a word or feeling the slightest difficulty for an illustration.'

"As for Boyton, it was only after the lapse of years he could be brought to believe that the notes of his speech had not been stolen from his writing desk."

☞ Charles Bishop, a wholesale merchant at New Haven, Conn., died very suddenly on Saturday. A few moments before his death he told his wife that he never felt better in his life, and but a few days before his death he allowed a $20,000 life insurance policy to expire on account of his long continued good health.

The Garden of Eden.

There seems to be a reasonable expectation of the discovery of the site of the Garden of Eden, if we may credit Sir Henry Rawlinson, the distinguished Assyrian explorer, and President of the Royal Asiatic Society. At a meeting of that society, held in London on the 31st of May, at which he was inaugurated, he made a speech, in which he expressed his conviction that the Babylonian writings and monuments now in the possession of the British Museum would turn out to be intimately connected with the earliest Biblical writings, and that, before long, the whole of the early history given in the Book of Genesis, from the time of Abraham, downwards, would be found existing in its original form among these primitive stone records. He also announced that in a short time he should submit to the society evidence that the name "Garden of Eden" was the old and natural name of Babylon. He stated that there were Babylonian documents which gave an exact geographical description of that Paradise in which the opening scene of human history is laid, answering precisely to the topography and the geodesical particulars of Holy Writ. In them he has found the four rivers, or rather, the four branches of "the river which went out of Eden to water the garden," mentioned by the very same names, Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. He has also met with accounts of the Flood, and the building of the Tower of Babel, which bear with singular directness and value upon the Biblical narrative of those events. If he should realize all that he anticipates, he will have given to the world one of the most interesting archæological and antiquarian discoveries ever made. Among Biblical critics, it has long been a matter of discussion whence came the two different accounts of the creation of the world, of man, and of his history from his emanation from the hands of his Creator down to his destruction by the Deluge, which form the first nine chapters of Genesis. These two narratives have been distinguished respectively as the Jehovah and the Elohim records, because in the one the Deity is spoken of as Jehovah, and in the other in the plural form as Elohim. Probably Sir Henry Rawlinson's discoveries will throw light on the subject, and thus clear up the obscurity which hangs over that portion of the sacred text. If this should be the case, he will be a benefactor to theology and Biblical lore, as well as to history and archæology. There is nothing amazing in the fact that the sculptured archives of Babylonia, necessarily the chief memorial of tradition and belief among the Chaldeans, should be reflected in the annals of a race which came forth from Chaldea; still, the prospect of comparing the originals with the derived reports, and of finding the authentic sources from which Elohist and Jehovist drew their statements, is one which will naturally excite vivid expectations among Biblical scholars, and cannot fail to arouse very general curiosity. The cause of religion has always been advanced by discoveries in science, notwithstanding the outcries made against them by well-meaning but rather short-sighted persons. Truth can never gainsay truth, nor can we go back to the practice, whether political or religious, which is said to have laid hands on Galileo for asserting that the Earth moved. "Nevertheless it moves" is true of everything, as well as of the planet we live on; and if these new discoveries, or any others, interpret to us, in a positive and simple sense, legends which have been lost in the sacred mist of tradition, the Biblical account cannot but gain in clearness, while the intent which dictated the record must be carried out with increased directness and force. The character of all such investigations has ever been in the highest sense Scriptural and Christian. It may turn out that the Chaldeans had traditions of Eden, of the Flood and of Babel, and that Abraham brought them with him from "Ur of the Chaldees," to Canaan, and handed them down to his posterity, and these traditions may also have found their way into other lands long before Abraham's time, which would partly account for their universality. Let us, at any rate, know what the Babylonian records can tell about the Garden of Eden. If Hiddekel, Pison and Gihon can be identified without geographical bewilderment, let it, by all means, be done. We have our doubts about the probability of this. Euphrates remains, but it seems strange that the three other rivers should have disappeared so completely in a country where no natural convulsions have taken place within recorded history. Neither the heat nor the sand have been able to obliterate the Euphrates, and it is difficult to imagine that they could have obliterated the other rivers, unless they were insignificant streams. But the turn which Sir Henry Rawlinson has given to the meaning of the term "Garden of Eden," throws light on that passage in Isaiah, (chap. 37, v. 12): "Have the gods of the nations delivered them which my fathers have destroyed, as Gozan and Haran and Rezaph and *the children of Eden* which were in Telassar?" And on that in Ezekiel, (chap. 28, v. 13): "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Juvenile Eronaut.

In some respects the most remarkable ascension that ever took place was one made by an apprentice boy of twelve years old named Guerin, who was taken up by the action of the balloon itself without his consent, and without any intention that he should go up on the part of any other person. It was a rarefied air balloon. The car was in the form of a boat, and was to be suspended from the balloon by cords attached to each end of it when the balloon was filled. There was also an anchor suspended by a cord from the bottom of the boat, which was intended to catch upon the ground and hold the balloon when it should come down.

After the balloon was filled and was ready to go up some of the assistants held it by cords, while others went to work to attach the car to it. They had secured one end, and were then going to secure the other, when, by some means or other, the balloon broke away from those holding it and began slowly to rise, and at the same time to drift along with the wind, dragging the car and the anchor over the ground. It happened that, as the anchor was thus drawn along, and was beginning to rise, it passed so closely over this boy—who was sitting quietly near by with his companions, not dreaming of being anything but a spectator of the proceedings—as to catch the fluke in the waistband of his pantaloons, and as it continued to ascend it took him up with it.

The boy uttered piercing screams and cries and calls for help; and there was perhaps no harm in this so long as he held on bravely. Of course no help was possible except calls to him from below to hold on. He found that the waistband began to give way, and he instinctively grasped the rope above his head with both hands, and so sustained himself. The strength of his hands, without the aid of the hook in his waistband, would not have been sufficient to sustain his weight many minutes; and the waistband was not strong enough without the hands. Both together, however, answered the purpose.

It was very fortunate for Guerin that it was a Montgolfier, that is, a rarefied air balloon, and not one filled with hydrogen, that was running away with him; for in the latter case the gas within would have continued to expand as the outside pressure upon it diminished by the increasing elevation; and as there would have been no possibility of opening the valve, as is usually done, to relieve it, the balloon would have burst and collapsed, and the poor boy would have fallen a thousand feet or more to the ground with full force. But being a Montgolfier, the ascending power gradually diminished as the air grew cool, until at length, after floating a moment in equilibrium, it began slowly to descend. As the balloon descended, the rope, which had begun to untwist under the influence of the boy's weight, turned more and more rapidly; and inasmuch as a person suspended from a balloon is never conscious of his own motion—the illusion which makes the motion seem to be in the earth and not in the balloon being perfect—as it is indeed on a smaller scale to a person going up in the elevator of a hotel—it appeared to Guerin that the earth was spinning round beneath him in a vast and most frightful gyration. Guerin was more terrified than ever. As he drew near the ground, or rather, as it appeared to him, as the ground and the concourse of spectators upon it came whirling up to him, he cried out to the people to save him. They called to him in reply not to be afraid, that he was all right; and, receiving him in their arms as soon as he came within reach, they at the same moment stopped the spinning of the earth and unhooked him from the anchor.

The incident of course created a great sensation at the time; and, as the account of it became a part of the history of aerostation, the story will be repeated in all coming time. Guerin found himself very suddenly famous. As he was only in the air about fifteen minutes, it is very probable that this boy acquired historical immortality at an earlier age, and in a shorter time, than any other human being.—*Jacob Abbott, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

☞ It is said that the ladies who carelessly submitted to the golden hair-dyeing process, now heartily regret that they ever attempted to be "beautiful blondes." Baldness begins to threaten them. Also, in a few instances, paralysis of the facial muscles has resulted.

☞ The application of electricity to organ key-boards enables a clergyman in England to draw the salary of the organist in addition to his own. He has the keyboard in the pulpit.

☞ Two hundred and sixty-three ladies in a New Hampshire town have signed a protest against female suffrage.

☞ The Canadian authorities have authorized a proclamation ordering the observance of July 1st (Dominion Day) as a general holiday in this and every succeeding year.

☞ A worthy citizen of Davenport, Iowa, was standing in his door, last Monday, when up tripped a bold damsel and demanded a kiss. "Me! why, I'm married!" said he in astonishment. "So much the better; you know how—I'm on woman's rights this morning, and I'll commence with you. Come, a kiss now, quick." She then sprang to his front and put up her lips. The unwilling and foolish citizen gave her a push which sent her off the sidewalk, and in the afternoon she had him arrested for disturbing the peace.

☞ Charles Elam, M.D., of London, in a paper bearing the title of "Medicine, Disease, and Death," claims that medical science, or rather medical control over disease in general, has retrograded, instead of advanced, with the wonderful development, within the past thirty years, of the sciences tributary to medicine. In support of this theory, he shows, by the returns of the registrar-general, that the death-rate in London has been steadily increasing, and the average of ages steadily decreasing, since 1847.

☞ A traveller on a western railroad was surprised, after conversing with a lady who argued that women should be allowed to do all of men's work, to be asked to take her baggage checks and call a hack for her.

☞ A Yankee who has arrived in San Francisco via the Pacific Railroad, writes home that the distance between that city and Boston is equal to 211 games of euchre, 178 drinks, and 117 cigars.

☞ During the late tour of the Crown Prince of Prussia in Pomerania, the people of Kolberg came into the streets with flowers to greet him on his entrance into their town, and several of them, anxious to give a practical proof of their loyal enthusiasm, showered bouquets in his face. The consequence was, says the commandant of the garrison, that his Royal Highness entered the hall of the palace "with his eyes full of tears," caused by the pain of the scratches he had received. The commandant exhorts the inhabitants in future to be more careful and considerate when presenting flowers to royal personages. "When the son of the sovereign walks in the street, the people should either with the deepest humility offer him a flower in their hands, or scatter flowers before his feet; but they should not recklessly cast them in the air so as to cause wounds, like the projectiles of an enemy."

☞ M. Legove, of the French Institute, relates that when he once threatened a little damsel that "if she didn't behave properly he would tell every one he knew," the child responded: "Well, that doesn't trouble me." "And pray why not?" he asked. "Because," replied the precocious little philosopher, "there are a great many more people that you don't know, and they will never hear anything about it!"

☞ On Monday, July 5, the chimes of Trinity, New York, performed as follows:—Ringing the Changes on eight bells, Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Old Dog Tray, Let the Merry Church Bells Ring, On the Field of Glory, Coming Thro' the Rye, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, The Blue Bells of Scotland, Bould Soger Boy, Airs from Guy Mannering, Chimes Quadrille, Airs from Child of the Regiment, "Vive L'America."

☞ The Boston Peace Jubilee made $110,700 profit, and Gilmore got out of it a house and lot, worth $25,000, and a "testimonial benefit."

Hydrophobia.

Franklin Dyre, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Galena, Kent county, Maryland, gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog. As will be seen, he has tested it with the most gratifying results:—

Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten take one and a half ounces of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain; and when cold drink it, fasting at least six hours afterward. The next morning, fasting, repeat the dose, using two ounces of root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above dose, and are alive and well to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy.

It is supposed that the root contains a principle which, being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia.

I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement.

☞ Beef sells for six cents a pound in the New Orleans market.

☞ There are fifty Chinese Catholics in San Francisco. Some of them speak Latin fluently, and are from the Catholic seminaries of China.

☞ The husband who devoured his wife with kisses afterward found that she disagreed with him.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been less doing. Sales 10,000 bbls at $5@5,25 for superfine; $5,50@6 for extra; $6@7 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $6@7,50 for Penna extra family; $7@8 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $8,50@10 ₽ bbl for fancy brands.

GRAIN—There is less demand for Wheat. About 30,000 bus red sold at $1,37@1,50 for fair to prime Penna, Western and Delaware; 20,000 bus amber at $1,50@1,55; small lots of fancy Michigan amber at $1,60@1,65; 10,000 bus white at $1,65@1,75, and 400 bus new Delaware amber at $1,02. Rye—6000 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,20@1,25 ₽ bus. Corn—27,000 bus prime Penna and Delaware yellow sold at 92@95c; 30,000 bus high mixed Western at 89@91c, and 40,000 bus Western mixed at 86@89c ₽ bus. Oats—50,000 bus sold at 75@77c for Western, and 60@70c ₽ bus for Southern and Penna.

PROVISIONS continues dull, but prices are without material change.

COTTON—The market is active. About 2000 bales of Middlings sold at 33@34¼ for Uplands, and 34½@35½c for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $47 ₽ ton.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $9@9,50. Timothy—Sales are reported at $4,50. Flaxseed is selling at $2,70@2,75 ₽ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₽ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₽ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₽ lb. 4400 Hogs sold at from $18,00 to 18,75 ₽ 100 lbs.

☞ KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—The venerable Lydia Maria Child sends the following anecdote to "Our Dumb Animals:" "Many years ago, when language and habits were more simple than they are now, a worthy old farmer in Massachusetts, being in his last illness, was asked what he looked back upon with most satisfaction. His languid eyes lighted up as he replied, 'I have always been good to the critters.'"

IMPORTANT MATTER TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—With the onward march of modern civilization, the old spinning-wheel of our grandmothers has passed out of date and use. The firm of H. T. Thomas, 29 North Thirteenth street, Phila., are pushing a patent which is designed to succeed and supply the place of the good old wheel, doing as becomes a modern machine a dozen times the work of the old one. This spinner can be so adjusted as to go with the celebrated Self-acting Hand-Loom. It is also worked with a crank, and will run twelve spindles, doing the work of ten women at the old wheel. Withal it is so light and easy in its operation that a girl or small boy can work it with ease and certainty. It will double and twist twelve threads at a time, and reel the same number of skeins, or will spin and fill twelve bobbins at a time, ready for weaving in the loom. Let the women try it once, and it will become a household treasure.

☞ The internal revenue receipts of the fiscal year just closed have amounted to $158,287,176 01—a heavy burden on the industry of the country, which should be reduced as soon as possible by the greatest economy in the national expenditures.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ The St. Paul Press says that half the business of the courts in Illinois seems to be to satisfy the vengeance of women because they can't get the men to marry them, and the other half to enable women to get rid of men who have married them.

Henry Ward Beecher on Clothes Wringers.

After a constant use of the UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER for more than four years in my family, I am authorized by the "powers that be" to give it the most unqualified praise, and to pronounce it an indispensable part of the machinery of housekeeping.

☞ The signboard of a tavern near Strasbourg, France, bears the following inscription:—"Strong beer and wine of the first quality. Customers drinking more than twelve glasses will be sent home in a cab, free of charge, in case they are unable to walk."

"WILLARD'S" at Washington; "Metropolitan" and "Fifth Avenue" hotels, New York, use Burnett's celebrated cooking Extracts. These Extracts are the best.

The Sensation of Drowning.

A sailor named George Forbes, who was lost overboard from a scow in Lake Michigan, and nearly drowned before he was rescued, thus describes the feelings he experienced on the occasion. We quote from the Detroit Free Press:

I was feeling more courage, and striking out with a will, when a sudden cramp catched me all over, and I could not do another stroke. I felt like a lump of lead. My head began to spin around, a great lump rose up in my throat and choked me, and my eyes closed as if a weight had been hung on the lids. I began to drown—I felt it; then came a feeling something like a red-hot rod being drawn through my brain. My head felt like fire. A humming, roaring noise went through my ears, and my body felt as light as a feather. The waves carried me about without an effort on my part, and I laughed—it seemed so curious that I actually laughed. I didn't care to be picked up—didn't care for Lizzie—only wanted to float and drift forever on the rollers. The water came into my face and mouth, but I never tried to keep my head up. I wouldn't have moved my finger to have been aboard the scow. It grew darker and darker; the old fire feeling came through my head again. Something clutched me by the leg and drew me down. I rocked to and fro, felt a noise like the discharge of a cannon, and then I dropped to sleep.

S—a—r—s—a—p—a—r—i—l—l—i—a—n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 300 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849–50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St.
my29-tf

WOOD PAPER.—Capt. J. Blake, of Norway, Me., is erecting a large factory for parties who are to make paper pulp from poplar wood. In the patented process of manufacture no chemicals are used; great power is applied to heavy grindstones, which, in contact with the wood and water, convert it into pulp. A cord of wood may be delivered at the factory in the morning, the pulp sent to the paper mill at night, and furnish a whole edition of the next morning's daily paper. The process has been patented but a short time, and this is the only factory in the state.—*Exchange paper.*

"A Word to Horsemen."

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT has been tested by the first horsemen in this country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hiram Woodruff, of "trotting fame," was never without a bottle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush of the Jerome Park Course at Fordham, N. Y., who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of the finest stock in America. It is warranted to cure lameness, sprains, scratches, bruises, galls, cuts, wind galls, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, and overheating, when used according to the directions.

All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above-named complaints. No horse need die of colic, if, when first taken, the Liniment is used according to the directions. Always have a bottle in your stable.

Price, in pint bottles, one dollar. The genuine is signed S. I. Tobias on the outside wrapper. For sale by the druggists, saddlers, and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jy3-3t

☞ John Hall, aged eighty-three, and his wife, aged ninety-three, recently walked from Dale to Neenah, Wisconsin, a distance of twelve miles. They reached Neenah before noon. The object of the journey was to visit a daughter. The hearty old veterans had no refreshment on the way further than a lunch they carried with them.

NOVEL MODE OF TYING HORSES.—The Icelanders have a curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the tail of one horse to the head of the other; and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way, and the other the reverse; and therefore if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads in the same direction.

Let not Prejudice Usurp your Reason.

It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exists against what are called patent medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS? Physicians prescribe it; why should you discard it; Judges, usually considered men of talent, have used and do use it in their families: why should you reject it? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bitters.

When the bodily energies are worn out by anxiety and need a stimulant, this is the best that can be taken. It is tempered and modified by hygienic herbs and roots, which prevent it from fevering the blood; and hence it does not produce a mere temporary excitement, to be followed by injurious reaction, but communicates a permanent potency to the entire vital organization. Some of its herbal constituents are slightly soporific, so that in cases where sleeplessness is one of the accompaniments of nervous disease, a dose of it taken towards bedtime will tend to produce quiet and refreshing slumber. For palpitation of the heart, tremors, hysterics, fainting fits, general restlessness and the causeless fears and distressing fancies to which ladies are especially subject, under certain morbid conditions of mind and body peculiar to their sex, the Bitters will be found the most agreeable and certain of all counter-irritants.

The constitutionally nervous may readily keep their infirmity in constant check by the daily use of this healthful vegetable tonic; and those who have "shattered their nerves," as the phrase is, either by imprudent indulgence or undue physical or intellectual labor, will find in this vitalizing elixir a prompt restorative. jy3-5t

☞ The country seat of the late N. P. Willis, "Idlewild," near Newburg, was sold, a few days since, to Hon. Thomas George, of Newburg, for $35,000. The grounds, comprising fifty acres, adjoin a farm of twelve hundred acres, also the property of Judge G.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my3-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ Hon. S. W. Moulton, of Shelbyville, recently celebrated his silver wedding, which elicited from "Gail Hamilton" a letter of regret, in which she said: "When one has stayed married twenty-five years *in Illinois*, I suppose it is worth while to ring the bells over it. Pray consider that I touch the rope with none the less heartiness because I am hundreds of miles away."

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ The Ocean National Bank, in New York, was robbed on Sunday night, June 27, of about $250,000 in depositors' securities, and $20,000 of the bank's money. The robbers are unknown.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

☞ Three steam-tugs, having on board over 300 filibusters, were captured by the United States revenue cutters in Long Island Sound, on Tuesday night.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The first cures old sores and ulcers after every other remedy has failed; while the second instils more strength and richness into the blood than a hundred times the same weight in food.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of June, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, JOHN DOWNEY to SUSANNA E. MALCOM, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. J. MILLER PENNINGTON to Miss ANNIE E. MACHENNEY, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. EDWARD SHELTON to Miss SARAH A. YATES.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN J. GRIFFITH to Miss LIZZIE HANNAN, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev Francis Church, Mr. SIMEON J. HAYS, of Baltimore, to Miss MARTHA A. HAYES, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOSHUA H. BROWN, of this city, to Miss SARAH B. BLACKMON, of Leed's Point, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of June, at Bridesborough, N. J., JOSEPH L. BARRETT, son of the late John and Jane Barrett, of Holmesburg, in his 60th year.

On the 29th of June, SARAH, wife of James Anderson, M. D.

On the 28th of June, CHRISTIANA BUCKENS, in her 60th year.

On the 26th of June, NANCY MARTIN, in her 32d year.

On the 28th of June, THOMAS O. GOLDSMITH, in his 24th year.

On the 27th of June, WILLIAM BACON, in his 40th year.

On the 27th of June, ANGELINA ATKINSON, in her 20th year.

On the 27th of June, JOHN BARTRAM, in his 30th year.

On the 26th of June, JOHN M. HOUSTON, in his 60th year.

On the 28th of June, WARNER GAMBLE, in his 9th year.

LIGHT BEYOND.

Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,
Soul! thou shalt venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning
And thy fair home above.

O! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,
The Sabbath morn come on—
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—
Sweeter the labor done.
All finished! all the conflict and the sorrow,
Earth's dream of anguish o'er;
Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow,
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience! then, patience! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying
Beyond the waveless sea,
Shall know hereafter where the Lord doth lead thee,
His darkest dealings trace;
And by those fountains where His love will feed thee,
Behold Him face to face!

How we Spent our Fourth in Brussels.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY HATTIE BOYER.

Not that we were right in Brussels either, but Madame Jouret always liked her boarding scholars to spend the summer months at her country place, so literally, we were at Neckersgat, seven miles away. I remember I woke up about five o'clock on Fourth of July morning, rubbed my eyes and recollected, vaguely, that something had happened or was going to happen, I didn't know exactly which. The sun shone brightly through the slanting windows of the roof, on the bare white floor of our room, on the long table, covered at intervals with basins, pitchers, combs, brushes, and all the various paraphernalia of the toilet; on *tiroirs* and *bibliotheques;* on Flo and Helena, the two little Australian girls, who lay curled up in bed fast asleep; on their aunt, my particular friend and chum, and Camelia and Japonica, wrapt in dreams. Not a sound could be heard except the twitter of birds in the distance, and the persistent pecking of one pigeon, who took his usual morning constitutional on our roof. Everything looked as it had, at that hour, for the past month. What ailed the day that it somehow *felt* different?

"Oh! I have it," I shouted, "it's Fourth of July," and I sprang out of bed and seized combs, brushes, boots, books, whatever was available and unbreakable, and banged them about the floor in feeble imitation of fire-crackers and torpedoes. Camelia and Japonica awoke, and, seized with the spirit of '76, helped me on with laudable zeal, so that we really did, for the space of five minutes, keep up an abominable racket, that, in looking back on place and material, I am not in the least ashamed of.

Hessie, my Australian friend, turned over and eyed us interrogatively, despairingly, and discontentedly.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," I said. "It's Fourth of July, and patriotic to make all the noise we can, which isn't much after all."

Hessie shrugged her shoulders dissentingly.

"I wish I had twenty packs of fire-crackers, some powder and a small cannon, and then we'd have a racket worth hearing."

"Well, I don't," said Hessie, preparing to rise. "I'm nearly distracted as it is, and if I spent such a day as you describe in America I should go clean daft, and have the toothache for a week after out of sheer nervousness."

Flo and Helena meanwhile began slowly cracking their finger joints, and saying under their breath that it must be "awfully jolly" to go to America for a day, and make all the noise you wanted.

In the midst of this confusion in came Miss Carville, our little English governess, as good as gold, as harmless as a robin, as orthodox as Doddridge's Rise and Progress, and looking always as though she had just stepped out of one of Dickens's novels. Her faded, conscientious blue eyes opened to their widest extent, as, with her funny little assumption of dignity, she began.

"My dears—my dears, what's all this row about?"

"Nothing, Miss Carville, but that it's the Fourth of July, Independence Day, you know"—(I interpolated this, not supposing she would have the faintest idea of any difference between the 4th of July and the 4th of August)—"and we're going to do *just* what we please."

"Well, well," said she kindly, picking up her skirts and running out of the room, as though she were treading on literal torpedoes, which went cr-r-r-r-r-ack at every step. "I suppose if it's your Independence Day—though I'm sure I don't know what *that* means—you may pull the house about your ears, and *I* can't help it."

It was Saturday, so of course there were no lessons, and we gave the girls wonderful accounts of how we kept the Fourth in America. About the cannon firing, and crackers, and orations, and lemonade in the morning, and the pin-wheels, and sky-rockets, and Roman candles, and illuminations, and public fireworks in the evening. Now privately, though my spirit glories in the Fourth of July, my flesh quails under it; but, somehow, past vexations are never so real as present ones, and I dare say I forgot all about the noise and dust and distraction of a veritable home Fourth, and waxed quite as eloquent as any of the little ones over the glories of an ideal one.

In the afternoon we furbished up all the red and blue ribbons we could find, and in dearth of white, pressed some sensible, inoffensive tape into our service. Nurse washed the children's faces a little more aggravatingly than usual, and curled their hair a little more tightly, in honor of the day, and then the seven Americans—myself, Camelia, Japonica, Daisy, Violet, Mignonette, and the small masculine of the party, known as Bachelor's Button—donned rosettes, manufactured of the aforesaid ribbon and tape, and descended to dinner. There we drank the health of the American Republic in Bavarian beer—(please don't be shocked, Mr. Post)—and were the beheld of all beholders, and talked of by the English section as "So queer, so patriotic; half mad, in fact, on the subject of that country of theirs, as if it were the only one worth living in on the face of the globe."

After dinner, not having any other way in which to show our independence, we trooped into the great, wide, brick-floored kitchen—denied to us on all other days—and begged Pelagie, the good-natured Flemish cook, to let us make molasses candy, which she did. We ate some of the candy, distributed the rest, had prayers, and went to bed. My diary says that we talked till after twelve o'clock, but that I don't remember, nor what we talked about.

Ah! me, we shall spend our Fourth at home this year, and Bachelor's Button has already begun to waste his small substance in fire-crackers and pin-wheels, and Violet and Mignonette to follow his example, as far as femininity will allow. For the Fourth of July is the one grand day in the year in which all girls wish they were boys, and all boys thank their stars contemptuously that they are not girls; and Japonica and Daisy and I will overlook the small proceedings interestingly, but with an ache at our hearts, for the wreath that last year was perfect is broken, and the pure white Camelia has faded away from our midst, and blooms away from us in the eternal Summer of heaven.

Some Giants.

In 1718 a French academician, named Henrion, endeavored to show a great decrease in the height of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian Era. Adam, he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high; Eve, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet; Abraham, 30 feet; Moses, 13 feet. The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Rabbinical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere, and that he touched the Arctic Pole with one hand and the Antarctic with the other. Traditionary memorials of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Seth about the same size; and that of Noah, in Lebanon, which is 70 *yards* in length!

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Cæsar there was a man, named Gabbaras, brought by that Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9 feet 4 inches high, "the tallest man that has been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Secundilla, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, whose bodies, were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 10 feet 8 inches.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb ring. His shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man, and his strength so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds' weight of flesh and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or profitable guest for the "St. Nicholas," even at the current price of board; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz.: Eleazar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high. But these are pigmies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (though this is what a Yankee philosopher would denominate a whopper.) The skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchre near Rome in the reign of the Emperor Henry II., and which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, who was slain by Turnus, and was higher than the walls of the city! The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet high.

In times more modern (1613) some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Field," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "Theutobochus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire 25½ feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast to the back. His teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured 4 feet in length.

Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1676, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town-hall in Lucerne. It had been found under an oak in Willisau, near the village of Reyden. He instances numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds:—"It remains that (notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude) they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does any thing hinder but they may have been so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days."

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antediluvian world men of very prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human, in Albany. He describes one particular grinder weighing 4½ pounds, and a broad, flat, fore-tooth four fingers in breadth; also a bone, supposed to be a thigh-bone, 17 feet long, which, with the others, crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air.—*W. A. Seaver, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

Common Absurdities.

To say after anything that happens, "I knew it was going to take place."

To ask a merchant if the article he sells you is of the first quality.

To carry "bricks" in your hat and flatter yourself you can keep them hidden from the world.

To think you must win a lawsuit because you have the law and evidence on your side.

To put salt in your soup before you have tasted it.

To tell a person of whom you would borrow money that you urgently need it.

To think that the great difficulty in life is to find opportunity for the talent, and not talent for the opportunity.

To make a foolish "match," and then ask a friend's opinion of it.

To say that you have "no leisure," instead of that you have no disposition, to improve your mind or to do good.

The Renewing of the Body.

BY HORACE MANN.

What a wonderful invention should we deem it to be, if a shipwright could discover some mode by which, whenever decay or dry rot should attack the innermost timber of his vessel, that vessel should be endued with the power of seizing the unsound atom, and of hurrying it along from point to point, until at last it should be thrown out into the sea; and, in the meantime, a sound particle should be seen winding its way among thick layers of iron and wood, changing its course, if need were, to avoid obstacles, though always holding on steadfast in the same general direction, until at last it should settle down in the precise place from which its predecessor had been ejected, whether that place were at the bottom of the keel or at the top of the mast! And the wonder would be immeasurably increased, if the new particles, while they imitated the shape should exceed the size, of their predecessors, and the process should be repeated again and again, until a pleasure-boat became a steamship or a man-of-war. Yet a process exactly like this is going on, every moment, in the body of every healthy child, and with greater rapidity and frequency in proportion to the degree of health enjoyed.

This is not mere curious speculation. These facts have the greatest practical significancy.

The change of material in the body is almost exactly proportioned to the quantity of pure air breathed, and to the amount of healthy exercise taken; because on these mainly depends the assimilation of the food. Without such change of matter, there cannot be any healthy growth; and hence the small bones and loose flesh—as soft and puffy as though it were wind-swollen—of those children who are delicately reared. Such children cannot have elastic, bounding muscles; for theirs are the old, flaccid muscles whose material ought to have been renewed months ago. They cannot have bright eyes and roseate cheeks; for the old, defaced lenses of the eye are still in use, and strong exercise in the open air has never projected the blood outward to fill the vessels of the true skin with the hues of beauty and the glow of health. In regard to those young men who have suffered the misfortune of a luxurious domestic training, who have been taught to disdain labor; and have hardly been allowed to wash their own faces or tie their own shoes, it is often alleged, as an excuse for their inaptitude, their want of dexterity and resource, in the emergencies of life, that they have never been accustomed or disciplined to contrive and to think in the adaptation of means to ends, or in tracing relations between causes and effects. But this is far from being all. Their imbecility does not come merely from a want of practice, but from their being obliged to use an old brain, the substance of which ought to have been renovated—all its fibres taken up and relaid—many times by vigorous exercises, and by a responsible application to some department of business. In such persons the half-decayed nerves have become almost non-conductors of volition; and the brain, through the want of a renewal of its substance, is too loose and spongy for the manifestation of thought. This organ, too, like all other parts of the body, being dependent upon these changes for its growth, must be *small* as well as lifeless without them, or its growth will be only in the animal, instead of the intellectual and moral regions.

On this view of the subject may be founded the true philosophical definition of Youth and Old Age. Those who, by an intelligent attention to diet, pure air, exercise, and cleanliness, cause frequent changes in the particles of which the body is composed, may be said to be *young* at any age; while those who, by over-eating, uncleanliness of person, and a deficient oxygenation of the blood, whether by breathing impure air, by a compression of the chest, or by inactive habits of life, effect no such change in the constituent particles of which their bodies are composed, may with equal truth be called *old* at any age after the days of infancy have passed. In this sense it is often literally true that one individual at seventeen may be older than another at seventy; and some children of seven years of age are already superannuated.

In the account of the miraculous feeding of the children of Israel with manna in the wilderness, it is related that no skill could preserve the heaven-descended bread in a state of purity (with the exception of the Sabbath) but for a single day; and the sacred historian uses very pungent and unsavory words in describing the odious qualities of that which was kept for a longer period; but the manna of the second or of the third day's keeping must have had ambrosial sweetness, as compared with the whole substance and animal economy of those who, by contemning useful labor, or thinking it ungenteel to practise vigorous exercises, fail *to venew, frequently, the whole substance of the body.*

Labor was appointed at the creation. At the same time that God made man, He made a garden, and ordered him to "dress it and keep it;" that is, to *work* in it, and, of course, to prepare the necessary utensils to aid him in its cultivation. Hence agriculture and the mechanic arts are coeval with the race, and are of divine institution. All mankind have been, now are, and we may suppose always will be, created with the same necessity for bodily exertion as Adam was. If labor were not necessary for the fruits it produces, it would be so for ourselves. Nor can I concede that those who would rear their children without some industrial occupation, or without systematic muscular exercise of some kind, are wiser than the Maker of the race; or that they love their offspring better than He loved our first parents before they had committed any transgression. Although in a certain narrow sense, it is sometimes said that labor is a curse, yet, as it is the inevitable condition of our well-being in this life, those who strive to avoid this curse always incur a greater one.

The slightest acquaintance with the laws of health will teach us another most important fact. Every day we hear people, who are suffering under some form of indisposition, wondering what could have occasioned it, and protesting that they had subjected themselves to no more than ordinary exertions or exposures. This may be very true, and yet a fatal disease be contracted. *Life* is an active power; but it is constantly surrounded and assailed by the ever-active agencies of Nature, which in a certain sense, are hostile to it. Hence, as soon as the body ceases to be animated, it is speedily decomposed by these natural agencies, and reduced to its original elements. Now, the vital force is subject to great changes. After severe bodily effort, after great mental anxiety and exhaustion, or after a change from active to inactive habits, from breathing pure air to breathing that which is impure, and from various other debilitating causes, the energy of the vital force is reduced; and it is then in danger of being overborne by exterior forces which before were harmless. Suppose the ordinary vital force to be represented by *one hundred*, and the usual assailing forces to be equal to *fifty*. It is obvious that, in such a case, the latter will be subordinated to the former, and become ministers to its welfare. But suppose, from any debilitating cause whatever, the efficiency of the vital force is reduced to *twenty-five;* then it is equally obvious that it must succumb to the antagonist forces of Nature—now twice as strong as itself—and the individual who before had put forth exertions or confronted exposures with impunity is now instantaneously overborne in the encounter. A clear perception of this truth would shield our health from many dangers.

A man in perfect health may be said to be lord over the climate in which he lives; but, if health be broken down, the climate is lord over him. All Nature seems to wage war upon him, treating him as some tribes of wild animals are said to treat any one of their number which has broken a limb or become decrepit with age; all falling upon him to kill him. The food which before nourished now distresses him; the cold winds which once braced his frame, and exhilerated his spirits, now inflict consumption and asthma upon him; heat fevers his blood; and every pore becomes an inlet through which disease enters. Health alone can place us in harmony with external Nature.

FULFILLMENT.

For the fledging bird-life stilled,
Its wings untaught,
Its music all untrilled;
For the poet's voiceless thought,
The song unsung;
For the loving heart unsought,—
Hope, fair and sweet and young,
Dead—not forgot;
For the seed that is not sown,
And the bud that falls unblown,
What shall atone?

Somewhere the seed must spring,
The song be sung;
Somewhere, green boughs among,
The bird must sing,
Must brood and build;
Somewhere the heart be wooed,—
Somewhere, far out of pain,
Hope, fair and strong, again
Rise from the tomb.
Somewhere—for God is good—
Life's blossoms, unfulfilled,
Must spring from dust and gloom,
To perfect bloom.

—*Overland Monthly.*

Lightning Most Dangerous to Animals.

The following anecdote will show that the electric fluid appears to be more dangerous to animals than to men: and that the more animated beings are exposed to it, the more refractory their bodies prove to its passage on transmission. Lightning, says the chronicle, struck the famous Abbey de Noirmontiers, in the year 1715; it killed twenty-two horses in the stables, but it did no harm to the hundred and fifty ecclesiastics assembled in the refectory. It, nevertheless, struck that particular part of the building, for it overturned, or caused to be overturned, the bottle which each reverend father had before him, and which contained his allowance.

Certain authentic reports appear to prove that the human race is that which lives the best in the society of lightning; as if the storm were susceptible of indulgence for the being charged with forming an opinion upon the things of this world, and with the exercise of volition and reason.

On the 26th of September, 1820, lightning struck a laborer whilst working hard at the plough; the shock was so violent that the two poor animals were struck dead by the side of the peasant. The latter, in a little while, came to himself again, and after remaining a few minutes on the ground in utter astonishment, rose up, safe and sound, though somewhat frightened.

On the 13th of August, 1862, a farmer of St. George-sur-Sarre was driving a cart with four oxen, when lightning fell in the midst of the group. Two of the animals were killed, a third was thrown upon his side, with one-half of his body completely paralyzed. Will it be believed that the farmer, in the presence of this fearful electric discharge, capable of knocking down three oxen—three beings so slightly nervous—felt only a little giddiness?—*From "Thunder and Lightning."*

ON THE SHORE.

"Going away," I think you said?
With never a word for me;
Going away! and I turn my head
In vain, for the sun in the west is dead—
All dead on the darkling sea.

Why did he leave like this? God knows;
Weary, I think, of his love;
He left me a kiss and a new-plucked rose;
And I—for the fancy's sake, I suppose—
Gave him my violet glove.

The ships sail over the seas, I know,
Too far for a maiden's sight!
The ships sail on, the strong winds blow,
And some to the lands of the Orient go,
And—some to the starless night.

I look, and over the waves afar
The white sails flicker and gleam,
And the ship rides gayly over the bar;
But the night is black, with never a star,
And my heart is sad with its dream!

Only the dim of the sea's far strand,
Only the dark I see;
For he left me here, by the trodden sand,
With only a rose in my little hand,
And never a word for me.

☞ The pastor of a popular church, one Sabbath evening, at the Sabbath-school concert, said, "Boys, when I heard your beautiful songs to-night, I had to work hard to keep my feet still; what do you suppose is the trouble with them?" "Chilblains, sir," said a little six-year old boy, which, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, set the whole audience in a roar.

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette has discovered that a medical preparation to take the kinks out of negroes' hair is extensively sold in the Southern states.

A FEW DAYS.

PART I.

He had often promised to give it me, and as often delayed it upon the slightest excuse; but on my nineteenth birthday, as I sat in the low window of his study, looking out on the falling leaves and the cheerlessness of the October afternoon, he came up to me quietly, and put a book into my hand.

"The pages are turned, and I have marked what you may read."

He went back to his writing, and I leaned forward in my corner and opened the book nervously. It was a Diary, as I had guessed, filled with a small, delicate handwriting. I turned to the first leaf that was doubled, and read in the silent room:—

Monday, July 23rd.—Nat was detained by some kind of a vestry-meeting, and so he asked me to go to the station to meet his new pupil; and, because it was such a lovely afternoon, I chose to walk through the fields, and send Joseph to meet me there with the pony-carriage, in case the boy should be tired. Letitia was in her greenhouse, rather cramped in her movements as usual, for it is only like a swollen cucumber frame, and she has grown quite portly since she came to keep house for Nat. My dear old sister—dear as if our mothers had been one—dear almost as Nat—how truly I love you, though I give you trouble often! She called me as I came out to ask why I had put on my best hat to walk in the lanes.

"I want to look fascinating, Lettie. The station-master's wife, you know, is a very stylish person."

"The people will think you very extravagant. They all know what Nat's living is worth, you may be sure."

"This hat cost very little except an afternoon's work," I answered, turning it round on my hand; "if they stare I will tell them so."

"Put it on, Miss Madeleine; give it every advantage."

I tried not to blush; I tried to turn unconcernedly as Mr. Cumberland came out of the little shrubbery walk.

"Do you like it?" I said, putting it on and turning slowly and gravely round to exhibit it.

His eyes danced with fun.

"Is it not rather gay for a clergyman's sister?"

"Should I be wiser or better, or do more good, if I took this out?" I said, touching the little buff feather that curled over the velvet in front; "or would the parish love me more if it were black?"

"They might," Mr. Cumberland answered, with his head on one side. "The effect of those great brown eyes is in itself so discomposing that it might be wise to encourage sobriety of attire."

"Just what I tell her," said Lettie, laughing; "but now you had better start, May."

"Good-bye then," and I held out my hand to Errol Cumberland. He took it, looking into my face with a strange, long look; then dropped it with a little smile.

"I will come, too," he said. "I feel inclined for an early introduction to Master Carson. I'm sure he's thin and studious, and that Nat will work him into a premature grave."

And raising his hat to Lettie as he spoke, we passed through the gate and into the fields.

"So my parishioners are afraid of me, Mr. Cumberland?" I asked, looking up at him.

"I don't know them," he answered, coolly. "Nat's are."

"May I ask why?"

"Because, Miss Madeleine, you go into quiet, orderly houses, and make the children noisy; because you go into sick-rooms and talk when any one else would be silent; because you address tipsy men when they ought to be treated with silent scorn; because you take restless children out to play in the fields when it would be more advisable that they should view life from the lofty elevation of a high-backed chair; because, in short, you do just the things no other girl would think of doing."

"And I suppose it is as much as the gentleman at the Towers can accomplish to undo the mischief effected by the Rector's sister."

"He cannot undo it; I assure you he cannot."

"But he generously tries, I have no doubt," I said, and then we quarrelled as we generally do, half in jest half in earnest, until we turned into the shady lane about a mile from the station. After a time, when he began to tell me of things he wished and intended to do, I grew silent, for I could not help feeling my helplessness and his great power; until at last I told him—rather passionately, I'm afraid—that it was unkind to show me the pleasure that was out of my reach.

"Why out of your reach?" he said.

"You know—you know how poor we are."

"Poor? nonsense; I look upon Nat Blackwood as the wealthiest man in this country, or the next."

"He had said it rather nervously, but when I looked up to ask why, he would not reply. I dropped the subject, for I am sure it is painful to him, because his father is so rich and so miserly; doing nothing—helping no one. Poor Errol! But what great unheard of good he will do when the power is his."

"Well?" he asked, looking down at me questioningly.

"I don't mind it at all," I returned, "so long as the people love him; and they cannot help loving Nat."

We sauntered on among the wild roses. His voice was very grave when he asked, after a little pause; "Is it because they cannot help it that they love his sister so?"

"No; because they are very kind and very warm-hearted."

"Or is it because," he continued, with a deep light in his eyes, "because she comes to everybody, like a pleasant light? Madeleine, my love, my darling, come and help me too!"

I stood before him, trembling painfully, my eyes fixed on him with a questioning incredulity, half-frightened at the anxious look upon his face.

"Mayda, I have loved you for a long, long time; I cannot tell you how. I seem to have no feeling apart from my love for you. Speak to me one word, my gentle love."

But I could not. I could only cover my face, too much surprised to be glad or grateful. He took my hands down gently, and laid my head upon his breast, then whispered low and breathlessly: "Can you understand the love I bear you?"

"It is all unreal; I cannot believe it yet. Errol, do you really love me so?" I rested a moment, silent in my overpowering happiness; then I asked him nervously, and rather incoherently, Did he know what he had done? had he thought what he had done?

"I have thought," he answered with a bright, glad smile, "that unless one wild little girl will be my wife, I care not what becomes of me."

We had stood some minutes on the platform before the train came lazily up; not even an engine will hurry through Ashley.

"There he is," I whispered, "stout and pale, pensively chewing some cake. Stay and see if he rouses himself to look for anybody."

He came down with much caution, pocketing carefully the remains of his cake, and looked round rather anxiously.

"Are you Ben Carson?" I asked, going forward, and holding out my hand.

"Yes."

"That's right. I am Mr. Blackwood's sister, and am come to take you home—to Ashley Rectory."

Errol came and settled us comfortably, saying a few light, pleasant things to this apparently heavy and unpleasant boy; then, as he put the rug round me with a proud, gentle smile, he told me to drive carefully, for he had an interest in the carriage now.

I cannot say we any of us much admire Ben Carson yet. Viewed artistically, he is ungraceful; viewed domestically, he appears insatiable; but it is hard to judge him to-night, poor little fellow. I dare say presently we shall like him very much; I will try to make his new home pleasant to him, though Nat would do that for any one. It was such a quiet, peaceful night, that after tea Nat and I strolled out together, and walked up and down the lawn, arm-in-arm, while I told him of my joy. He kissed me; then he told me he had seen it for a long time, and that Errol would be very happy. He went in soon after, and I followed, to see that Ben went comfortably to bed. Then the resting twilight tempted me once more, and taking up the first cap I saw, which happened to be Ben's, I put it on, and wandered down the little lawn again. I started, hearing the gate open, and stood face to face with Errol. He bent down to my face, laughing.

"Another new hat! My poor £12,000 a year will become penury directly, with this extravagance, Miss Blackwood."

"Now, Errol, could I have a more serviceable article than this? Why I was just thinking how it could please the parish in general."

"And the lord of the manor, in particular."

"*Being* particular, yes. Does it?"

He bent down still lower with my hands in his, his words so low and quick, I could hardly understand. "Madeleine, I could not rest in my happiness. I was obliged to come and hear it once more. To think that the weary suspense is over, and that to-day has brought me my blessing! Oh, I thank God again and again for this, my darling love! Speak to me, sweetheart, that I may know all this is real!"

"I am very real, Errol, here beside you, telling you how happy your love has made me."

We stood a long time silent, I looking off among the trees to where the moon was rising; he—ah! well, I had learned long ago to know when his eyes were on me, though I had so lately known the meaning of their earnest gaze. Presently I said, looking up with a smile—a faint, half-smile it was, for his great earnestness made me feel grave and quiet, "You never asked how we got home."

"Well, I conclude by your sporting the pupil's cap, that he is a pupil still, and not a mangled remains. What did you do with the infant phenomenon?"

"Discoursed freely and intelligently, then made fast friends over an amateur boar-hunt."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the pig had admitted himself gratuitously into the garden, so we devoted ourselves to him on our arrival, and we shall never be stiff again. He is a nice boy, I do believe, with a good, honest, truthful nature, but not an enlightened young person. Just fancy my feelings when, after insanely trying to make conversation by asking him how he liked Cornwall—of which he could have but a limited experience, the first hour of his acquaintance with it—he told me he had spent his last holidays in Dublin, but he so little relished his sensations on the journey, that if he ever went again he should certainly go by land! Don't laugh. I did not really, but it is rich! I must run and tell Nat, for I quite forgot. Good-night. I *must* go now."

But I stood and watched him out of sight. There was a strange gentleness everywhere on everything to-night, and though I say now how beautiful he looked in the fading twilight, that was not my thought as he turned for his last nod and good-bye.

Monday, August 6th.—Errol came over to walk with me to the school, as it is the day I give the children a singing-lesson, and while we waited for the work Letitia was cutting out, which we were to take, we sauntered in the kitchen-garden, regaling ourselves upon gooseberries. Somehow the conversation turned upon old Mr. Cumberland, and the little he gives away.

"Are *you* ever scolded for what *you* give away, Errol?"

"Always."

"Then you must be scolded a great deal. But I suppose men don't mind."

"Were you ever scolded, Mayda?"

"Very, very often, though not so much as I deserved, I believe."

"By whom?"

"Do you know a name that might be set to the music of a sneeze?" And then I said it in a sneeze so naturally that Letitia answered from the garden, and joined us while we were laughing.

"Now, Errol, come to the warbling, and then you must question the boys."

"May I question the girls, too, including you?"

"It would not be a very brilliant examination to-day. Why, Errol, life itself is a burden almost too heavy to be borne this weather. My little mind, (though a kingdom, too, in its way,) would close itself to all your logic, in this sun. The shadow of the honor would be more acceptable."

After all, I don't believe we thought much of the heat on the road, and as we came back the other way the cool fresh breeze blew on us from the sea. The old grand walk over the cliffs—the old summer sunshine lying lazily on the cove—the old game of frightening each other among the rocks, by our daring, out upon the points—the old goodly view of still, white ships as we sat resting on the heather, looking out across the Channel—the old, old thoughts and fancies, perhaps, as we stood where we always stop involuntarily among the furze and flowers, where we can see miles of land and sea, all beautiful, and at rest, on a summer evening such as this. We gazed and loitered, unwilling, in this bright and pleasant light, to bring our walk to an end. But we reached the Rectory-gate at last, and said good-bye. Before he closed the gate he called me back.

"Mayda, you make me forget everything. Mrs. Mark has made up her mind at last. She is bringing her daughter to Ashley Cottage after all; she says the advantages of the sea-air will counterbalance the inconveniences she anticipates. I wonder what they are to be, for the cottage is one of the most perfect little places I know. They arrive this evening, and I have the pleasant task of the reception."

"I suppose they will be with you a great deal."

"I suppose so."

"Don't they say Miss Mark is very beautiful?"

"Most beautiful. Madeleine, run down to the gate to-night after tea. I must only be away a minute. Good-bye."

When tea was over, and Lettie sitting at the open window, making the most of the fading light; Nat playing, as he generally does before his night's writing begins; Ben gone up to bed not feeling very well; I stole out and ran down to the gate. Errol was coming along the lane whistling softly. "Ah! little white ghost, shall you vanish if I touch you? Mayda," his voice changed suddenly, "can I bind you to me more than you *are* bound?"

"Never, Errol."

"Then we will not look upon it in that light; but I am so proud of my gift, so proud of my blessing, that I would show every one that I have won it, and hold it mine." He had taken my left hand in his, and put a ring upon my finger; then he gave it a long kiss. "May it stay until I put another in its place." And I don't know what I had said when he was going.

"They are come," he called out carelessly, knowing my cheeks were too hot for me to venture to look up. "I hardly saw them properly, but I fancy Ida is as beautiful as report saith," and he was gone.

With a burning face I stood beside Nat, at the piano, and laid the hand with the diamonds on it upon his. He touched it gently, but his face was rather sad. "Madeleine, you will have no money troubles, then, as you have had with me. I think Nature has made a mistake; you should have married a poor man to show what poverty may be."

We joined Lettie, and she kissed me too, and said a few kind words. Then I went up-stairs with a cooling draught for Ben. He was lying dressed upon his bed, humming, with very little tune I must confess, "Oh dear, what can the matter be." Thinking it would be rather difficult to tell, I got him into bed. And now that the house is still, I can hear his breathing, quick and irregular even in his sleep; for I am writing at his bedside. I could not rest if I fancied him wakeful and in pain, poor boy. The light—half-hidden—shines upon my diamonds and their brightness is in my heart. I pray God help me to be worthy of the love they tell of.

Wednesday, August 8th.—Ben is worse, but Dr. Peters is very reassuring, and says he is not at all surprised at the way the poor boy wanders in his talk. I told him how Ben is perpetually fancying himself Christian on his pilgrimage, and that he cannot get the wicket-gate open; but he only laughed. This afternoon Nat called at Ashley Cottage. He says the rooms are most comfortable, and that Mrs. Mark complains of it a good deal; surely she need not, in that pleasant spot! He thinks Miss Mark very lovely, but cold and stiff. I'm afraid I cannot like her if she is. Errol was there when he went, and he left him there. Of course he is trying to make them feel less strange. I did not expect him to call here to-day.

Saturday, August 11th.—Letitia and I went to-day to call on Mrs. Mark and her daughter. I think they were very disagreeable, and I should like never to call again. I am sure they were laughing at Lettie all the time. They could not do so at me very easily, as I kept my eyes wide open and fixed upon one or the other of them. They told us they thought they should find it very dull here, having no entertaining ladies in the neighborhood. I knew they meant no ladies who would entertain them with dinners and dances, and I thought for one moment of the little dining-room at home, and the small dishes that Lettie helps to cook and longed to take her away from their contempt.

We maintained a daintily iced conversation until Lettie discovered, as a brilliant idea, that she knew a lady, whose name they mentioned, and she spoke of her in her outspoken, warm-hearted way. Miss Mark gently laid more ice upon it, and disparaged several more poor unoffending people; so that it was an intense relief when Errol became the subject of conversation, and they praised him energetically. Mrs. Mark seems to have very few ideas apart from her pride and her daughter. I think, indeed, the one word might express the two. I was amused to see the way she watched and waited on her, as I was shocked to see the way Ida slighted and contradicted her. I wonder how I should treat my mother if I had one? I am afraid I hated her when I felt that she was lovely enough to excuse her pride as she came out with us, smiling now, in her trailing white dress and soft bright ribbons—so different to me in my plain blue calico. For one minute there was a bitter longing and rebelling in my heart as I felt this indifference, and knew how any one must notice it; any one meeting us there, for instance. But better thoughts came soon; and as the footsteps that I knew so well drew near, I stood more closely still beside her. He hastened up to her and shook hands, hardly turning his eyes from her face as he did so afterwards with Lettie and me. Then as we passed through the gate, he raised his hat to us and walked in with her. Who can wonder? We were rather quiet on our way home, and I went at once to Ben's room, where he is performing a slow recovery. He greeted me cheerfully.

"Miss May, I'm so glad you are come; what do you think I have been doing? making something."

"Not a mistake, I hope."

"No, a poem."

"Have you really? show it to me."

"I haven't written it, I must tell it to you:

"'When the whispering wind is weary, and lies resting in its race,
Then I murmur for Miss Madeleine with her fair and funny face.'"

A LADY OF CAIRO AND HER GALLA SLAVE.

The Galla Tribes, from South Central Africa, broke like a flood many centuries ago upon Abyssinia, already weakened by its wars with the Mohammedan Arabs. Large portions of Abyssinia were conquered, leaving isolated portions of the Christian tribes of Abyssinia in possession of a precarious independence. During the last century, the Abyssinians have had rather the upper hand, and many Galla captives have been taken, and sold as slaves, some of them drifting down to Cairo.

"Oh, famous! Why, Ben, every line is alliteration."

He smiled complacently. "Not only alliteration, Miss May, but the words all begin with the same letter."

I laughed outright, but Ben is too good-natured to feel hurt at that. When I recovered, I asked him very anxiously, "Had he ever published any poetry?"

"Not quite, Miss May. I sent some to a magazine."

"And didn't they put it in?"

"No, *I* don't think they had room just then."

"Was it pretty?"

"I think so; it was about a girl."

"Most poems are, Ben; and did you send it anonymously?"

As usual, it was only for a moment that Ben was baffled by the word he did not understand.

"Well, yes—*rather* anonymously, Miss May," and I was fain to lay my head upon the bed, and laugh once more. How long I wonder will it take Nat to teach him not to make meanings for himself? I raised my head, and asked more gravely than I meant to do, "And so I have a funny face, Ben, have I?"

"Fair *and* funny, don't leave any of it out, please."

"Do you like it, Ben?"

"Don't I, and doesn't everybody? And, Miss Madeleine," Ben lowered his voice respectfully, "doesn't a certain person think it the fairest in all the world, even if he does not think it the funniest—as I do? He loves you just as well as I do"

I smiled a little. "And Ben if he—left off caring for—my face, you would too, I suppose?"

"I should love it more."

"Why?"

"Because—I don't know—it would have a different look, I think."

"More funny?"

"Less funny, and I should be obliged to love it more, however impossible it may seem, if it had a sorrow upon it. But, Miss May, look up! He told me if I troubled you he should take you away, for that he would not have a care upon the fairest face in all the world; and I know he has seen all the great actresses and the princesses."

I hid my face, laughing once more. A laugh always does me good, so it must have been that which sent me down to dinner hungry and happy. I wonder why Nat seemed so vexed that Errol had neglected some appointment with him; he always used to make ready excuses for him in such a case.

I sat with Ben in the evening; and when I went down to make the tea, I put a bright little rose in my hair, and felt quite sure that somebody would come,—as he did. And I dare say we were earlier than usual, or he would have come at the beginning of tea instead of nearly at the end. He was merry and gentle as ever, it was only my fancy that made him seem rather absent. He did not mention the Marks at first: when he did, he asked me how I had enjoyed my visit.

"I *have* enjoyed things more, once or twice."

"Why?"

"I am afraid I was not sufficiently impressed with the companionship of High Society fully to appreciate the honor; besides which, I did somewhat to make High Society blush."

"Mayda!"

"And yet, no. I remember it did not blush; I remarked, on the contrary, that High Society was so perfectly satisfied with its own height, and so very much too lofty to see small things below it, that it was impossible for it to feel the very sharp and painful kicks it sometimes gave to said small things."

"But May," said Nat, gently, "you would never speak ill of those whom One, who knows best of all what places we can fill, has set above you—simply because they *are* above you?"

"Ah, no, indeed; indeed no. Many of them, most of them, are as much above the petty faults and meannesses of life as they are above its wants and cares."

I hardly knew what I said, thinking of them and of one beside me higher still and yet so different. But the subject did not drop there; Errol began praising Ida's beauty.

"She reminds me," he said, presently, glancing I thought rather nervously towards Nat, "of the Old Testament women."

"Not of Jael or Jezebel, surely," I said, demurely, pretending to be engrossed with the sugar for Nat's fourth cup.

"Madeleine!" Lettie looked reprovingly, but Errol went on, only a little put out by my interruption.

"She reminds me of Rachel, I think, and those other grand Old Testament women."

"I hope Miss Mark is not like the generality of them," I said. "Would she steal like Rachel, or tell falsehoods like Sarah, or teach her son to do it, like Rebecca, or hanker after the evil like Mrs. Lot, or—"

Nat's eyes stopped me.

"Madeleine, you are forgetting yourself."

I gave a little forced laugh.

"No, I'm not, Nat, dear, only—wherein lies the likeness to Miss Mark, Errol?"

"I means in appearance only; with that thick, dark hair, and those long, Eastern eyes. She is exactly like the pictures we see of Rebecca, or Ruth, or, as I said before, the generality of the Old Testament women."

"In all of whom," said Nat, quietly, "there was good enough to redeem the evil, which, in itself, generally answered some great purpose of the Divine will."

I remember little else that was said, but Errol's manner was very gentle and quiet when he left us. Ah, me! my little rose is faded, and I am very tired!

Sunday, August 12th.—Perhaps it was because my thoughts have been running a good deal lately on the decorations I contemplate for the Harvest Thanksgiving, and my eyes have grown accustomed to look upon all green luxuriance with an eye to wreaths and arches that made me this morning—as I turned over my music to find a pretty Voluntary with some vain idea of showing off more than usual—give quite a start on my seat, as I glanced at the arched door and fancied some one had sent me a supply towards my decorations at rather an unseemly hour. Only for one moment, I suppose, for I soon distinguished Mrs. Mark's face below the verdure, and a pair of broad, green ribbons attaching it to her venerable chin. I laid my hands on the keys, hurriedly then, that I might not look further, and I played Mozart's *Benedictus* with a nervous trembling in my fingers that I never knew before. Nat was reading the Second Lesson before I looked into the large pew near me. If I thought her beautiful yesterday, I must think her doubly so to-day in her bright, elegant dress, the wonderful dark lashes lying on her pale cheeks, as she bent her eyes upon her book. I ought to be ashamed even to write it here, but I gave my old lavender muslin an angry look, behind the harmonium, and then catching sight of a well-developed patch, I felt an angry lump rise in my throat, and I tapped my foot impatiently as I tried to keep back a wicked tear. I never listened to Nat's sermon this morning. Why couldn't I? But somehow, when he gave out the words, "And Moses drew near unto the great darkness where God was," I fell to wondering if it must be always so. Is it only in the great darkness that we draw near unto him? and wondering that, and fearing that it was so, and hoping that He would be in every darkness, I grew so lost in my own thoughts, that I hardly know at all what Nat said of it. Errol sat in his old corner opposite me in the great pew, and his face had a flush upon it, and his eyes were restless, and he only looked at me once, and that was when I played a fearful chord in the *Venite*, and put all the singers out. The Marks stopped in the churchyard for the carriage, and Nat told them he was going over to preach at Little Ashley in the afternoon. Errol said, in his old, impulsive way, that he would walk over too. I asked Miss Mark if she were going. "Thank you," she said, coldly, "I do not think I shall care to go so far." Then I knew, quite well, that I should not see the face I loved there, though he said it. I tried to think the walk to Little Ashley as pleasant as in the old times, and I leaned upon Nat's arm, and laughed and talked with him, falling at last into one of our serious, quiet conversations that I love so well. The country had that resting look upon it that it has on Summer Sundays, and the peace of it was in our hearts. We stood a long time looking across the sea, while the church-bells chimed in the distance. I wonder why it is that looking on it always stills my hot, rebellious feelings. Is it because it even must ever re-echo the wondrous "Peace, be still," breathed once above it, and which cannot die? or is it that, as I have often fancied, the Spirit of God still moves upon the face of the waters? Certainly peace and rest come to me always from the sea. Why should I feel unhappy as I do? 'Tis only seven short weeks since Errol Cumberland, the greatest, truest gentleman in all the land, asked me for my love, and gave me his. Could the love he gave have died so suddenly? Could mine? But I must not judge him by that test. How could I ever be tempted as he is?

As usual, something happened in church to lower me in the estimation of the public. We were singing very slowly and impressively when some one, feeling the church too warm, opened the door, and with a stately step and lofty bearing, in walked my noble Brutus, whom I had deposited so carefully inside the vicarage yard to wait for us. He walked up the aisle, sniffing inquisitively, my heart sinking lower at each step. Our door was unlatched, so he coolly pushed it open, walked in, and stood in the middle of the pew. Then he listened attentively for a minute; but the words, or more probably the tune, not meeting with his approbation, he raised his head, and gave a long, low whine, which I believe he would have kept up through the hymn, only that Mrs. Topham, driven apparently to distraction, took up a cushion and chased him. He look at her while he finished up his wail in a despairing minor key, then he took refuge at my side. Mrs. Topham followed him up, and I kept my eyes on my book, singing serenely, and left the little affair for her to settle. The cushion was in action again, Brutus driven out of the pew, and the door shut. Poor Nat must have been very angry, as of course he would not feel inclined to laugh in the pulpit. Ben would undoubtedly have made a diversion, had he not been peacefully slumbering.

I am writing early to-night. I don't think Errol will come in to tea. Perhaps he may, but I dare say he is at the Cottage, as he knows they find it lonely. It was so hard to sit down stairs, and not to listen for him, that I came away to write. Lettie is reclining in a suspicious manner on the couch, with a comfortable droop in her features, and little strange sounds issuing apparently from the back of her neck. Nat, too, is enveloped in a lethargy more nearly bordering on somnolence than I should have expected in a person of his parts. So it is better not to rouse them for tea just yet. I will wait a little longer.

I wonder what they are doing over there at the Cottage? The grand old trees around the Towers hide them all from me. Is that the only separation between my life and theirs?

* * * * When I had written so far, I went down, for I heard a step I knew, and in the drawing-room, against the window, in the sunset light, stood Errol, so grand-looking in his evening dress, so handsome with the changing brilliancy in his eyes, which made him look withal unlike the Errol Cumberland of old.

"I came for a little talk, Mayda, as I could not go to church. May I have tea with you?" And as I took the keys and made it, my heart was light with happiness.

I told him of my misadventure in Little Ashley church, and he laughed that low, clear laugh of his which seems to make every one join in it, whether they will or no; then he bent his bright face over my dog, and looked gravely into the intelligent eyes that always brightened at a word from him. "Et tu Brute!" The sad, serious words came so unexpectedly that Nat started, and that made the laugh still all the merrier, and we were all very cheerful and happy until tea was over, when Errol seemed to grow absent and quiet. Presently he said, the flush coming back to his face, "You did not say many words to Miss Mark this morning, Madeleine."

"Yes I did, just twice as many as she said to me."

"She is the stranger. You are expected to take the initiative."

"Am I not a stranger too—to her, Errol?"

"But you are at home here; besides, you are never shy."

"Yes I am—with Miss Mark."

"Why?"

"Because she didn't like my bonnet—or jacket—or gloves."

"Nonsense, you know your dress is always perfection: why should you fancy such things?"

"I don't fancy it. I saw it in the elevation of her nostril; and why did she curtsey when she went, and not touch my hand?"

"Why, May, that is not pride. They seldom shake hands at first sight among the sort of people she lives with."

"But this is second sight, and I know it was the gloves, and I don't care for her, but she is very, very beautiful." I felt hot and angry, and brought out each sentence with a jerk.

"She is, indeed," he answered eagerly; "more beautiful than any one I ever saw; is she not, Nat?"

"I don't know all the people you ever saw," said Nat, coldly.

"But is not Miss Mark very beautiful?"

"I would rather have her head in marble at once; then I should not have the disappointment of expecting a change that never comes. I got very weary of its sameness this morning. I would not care a bit about my sermons if all my congregation looked so."

"May," said Errol, rather abruptly, "will you come with us to Porthwith on Tuesday? Ida and I ride, Mrs. Mark and my father drive. Which will you do?"

I felt my eyes burning as if the lids would never close over them again; but I hope I answered naturally when I declined to go at all. He urged me a little, but soon dropped it, and rose to go.

"You will come to the Towers and meet Ida often, won't you? The more you know of her the more you will like her."

"I hope so. Yes, I will come. Good-bye."

Then he went, and the sunset light was gone, leaving the room full of a strange, sad twilight; and the grand old sacred melodies Nat played sounded to me like mournful cries for something lost; till I could bear it no longer, and came to write away my gloomy and impatient thoughts.

PART II.

Thursday, August 23rd.—The days have passed so monotonously during the last fortnight, that I was glad this morning to think that to-day would bring the change of the school-treat, although last night I had a weary wish that it were over.

I rose at dawn to look anxiously at the sky, and standing at my window, prayed a little prayer for the children's pleasure; and then I asked Him who knows how hard some little things are to bear to take me out of myself to-day.

Ben is getting well rapidly; he is wonderfully improved, and even has a blithe expression of countenance.

Nat is looking anxious and troubled. He says it is the heat; but the last few days have not been very hot, and still he looks anxious. Lottie was very busy all the morning cutting cake. I proposed borrowing the machine with which they cut the bread at the workhouse, and settling Ben to it, but she did not seem to consider it a good plan, and slighted my generous offer of making it all right to-morrow with the board. I spent my morning in preparing games to be played and prizes to be won; Ben in setting hurdles for the boys to jump.

The Bents and Leslies came to lunch, then the children arrived, and at the same time the carriage from the Towers came dashing up to the door with the Marks and Errol.

Errol jumped down and gave his hand to Mrs. Mark, who stood, after hurriedly speaking to us, to beg her daughter not to wait about in the sun, nor to walk too much, nor to— Oh, I don't know what; but I'm afraid I gave a little stamp when she turned at last to explain that "Ida was so fragile."

"I will take care that she is obedient, Mrs. Mark," said Errol, gayly, as he helped her down, with a laughing, intent look into her face.

Mr. Bent led Mrs. Mark to the field, where he made her comfortable under a tree, and where, as she said, she could watch dear Ida and us all. I hope she found it pleasant!

"Now, Madeleine," said Errol, as he came up to me with Ida, "what shall we do to make ourselves generally amiable?"

"Are you generally unamiable?" said I.

"It is too hot to do anything very energetic," said Miss Mark, looking more lively than I had ever seen her look before.

"Would you like a seat in the shade?" I asked, wishing to make it as little unpleasant as possible, and feeling that she would not care for this kind of thing.

"No, thank you; I will watch them playing—your brother seems very attentive and kind to the children. Don't let me keep you."

So I went, and left them; and if I remember rather sadly who was the life of every game a year ago, I tried very hard to forget it again.

Errol played a little, but I suppose he felt that Ida Mark was in his charge, and so he was a great deal at her side.

No use now my crushing it down and trying to hide it. No use my laughing so carelessly to Nat, or beating down my pride. I know it; see it plainly. He follows her blindly with hardly one thought for any one beside—infatuated, powerless; and I will not mind. They are suited to each other; both beautiful, high-born, and rich. God helping me, I will stand aside and see them happy. But I determined only to write of the day, itself, for my strength is wavering yet.

I said the evening went off well. To say that the tea and cakes did too would be but a mild way of describing their rapid disappearance. The children cheered us all, and sang the National Anthem in loyal style; and if it diverged into several distinct keys, I am sure it was nobody's fault in particular, though of course it happened that Miss Mark asked at a crisis, Who taught the singing and the ready answer, "Miss Madeleine Blackwood," seemed to me more terrible than all the discord. While I stood a little behind I tried to put them right again, but stopped, feeling my voice tremble. Errol, who stood in the group, touched me, and whispered in his gentle way, "Your are tired, Mayda—you have done too much." My face, when I raised it, must have looked very weary, for his eyes saddened as they looked into mine; and as the last note—sustained during a lengthened period by one small child died away—he said merrily, applauding, "Famous! Why, I felt hopeless about harmony when I contemplated the chief singers inhaling their seventh distribution of tea. How they can sing upon it I would give a song to know—wouldn't you, Miss Blackwood?" Lettie laughingly turned to Mrs. Mark, who, feeling she ought to take an interest in something, asked if one of the children might say a hymn to her.

I think I enjoyed our tea out upon the lawn. It was such a lovely evening, and the day's work so nearly over. The servants were playing with the children, so we waited on ourselves, and Nat was so thoughtful and Ben so active, that there was very little trouble. Errol began very gallantly, but he soon forgot himself in his earnest talk with Ida about some great fete in London. Was it at all like his old talk? They were going to dine at the Towers, so they left earlier than they would have done.

After we had dismissed the children we stood resting a few minutes at the gate. Presently a group of miners flocked past, with anxious faces.

"Have you heard, sir? There has been an accident at the Great Ashley Mine—the engineer smothered."

Nat was gone before we had even understood, and we trembled as we waited for we knew not what; until at last the men, who had crowded to the spot, went slowly past the rectory gate, answering only by a word when we stopped them for a moment. They had found him standing as he had been buried, under the falling earth—his pocket-book and pencil in his hands. It had been done very quickly—thank God! The autumn twilight gathered round us, but far away there were "the reapers singing as they carried home their sheaves;" and at last, far away too, we saw the miners—ah! well, not singing—as they carried home their burden. Does not somebody say, "Some must work while others weep; thus runs the world away?" Runs to those who work, perhaps, but rather creeps to those who weep.

Nat was more stern to-night, I think, than I have ever seen him—and his voice was low with passion when he said to Lettie—

"Cumberland should have been there; the mine is his."

"But you were better, Nat," I said, coming up to them.

"Need I have been absent for him to go?"

I said no more for fear; and I am come to bed feeling, I think, for the first time in my life, discontented with my brother. What shall I do to be patient in this dreariness?

Are there any to mourn for him who died so sadly and so suddenly to-day? How can I learn to remember always that His tender mercy is over *all* His works!

Wednesday, September 5th.—Is it harder to bear than it was yesterday? We say suspense is worst of all. Ah! no, this is hardest. Nonsense to write so—I will merely tell of it.

Nat and Lettie wished me to go to the archery meeting at the Towers to-day, else I would rather have stayed at home with them. It was a very pretty sight—a gay, beautiful sight. Everybody was very kind to me, and I enjoyed the shooting as usual. When the contest was over we separated to walk through the grounds. I strolled with the Leslies to the wild part of the park, where the trees open to a view of the sea and the cliffs below them. When we were half way back again, I left them quietly and returned, thinking how pleasant a few minutes there alone would be. I sat down, leaning against a burly old pollard facing the wide, quiet sea, and in the perfect stillness there was infinite peace. I had sat, I think, a long time, and was going to rise, when I heard voices coming towards me, and I drew back, thinking I would rather not be found there alone. I don't know why I should have minded it, but I did. They came closer and I recognized them, Errol's and Ida's. She was speaking in the slow monotonous tone that never had moved me to one warm, loving feeling for her.

"But I do think it so, really. I don't remember ever having seen a more beautiful place. You must be very proud of it, Mr. Cumberland."

"I am very proud of it—to-day—for it is beautiful as it never was before."

"Why so?" Her voice had no change in it, but I felt how lovely she must look as she turned to him. And the sea-birds flew in the distance, and I was watching them.

"You know, Ida." There was no monotony in his voice, it was eager and excited. "And if it might have this beauty always, I could indeed be proud. Can it—shall it?"

I gave no time for thought; I will not stop to think even now what would have been better—as I did not stop then—I rose slowly and joined them, never looking at her, though I saw so plainly in her face all that he could wish to see in answer to his words. I stood by them more quiet and still, I think, than I had ever stood beside him before.

"I have stayed behind my party watching the gulls. I thought this such a pleasant spot, Mr. Cumberland; but I'm tired of it now."

I looked into his eyes. They read all I had left unsaid; he knew all I had heard although they never fell. They had a bright light in them that I did not like. Mine had a change in them too, I'm sure, with all my steadiness.

"Miss Mark, will you examine this wild little spot, as you wished, while I take Miss Blackwood to a place of which she is not tired."

How could he say it? She sat down almost where I had done, and Errol followed me as I walked silently away. As we came in sight of the party on the archery ground we were turning away from the steep, rocky declivity on our left; then I stopped.

"Errol," I said, drawing off my glove, and trying not to let my voice or my hand tremble. "Before you go back I will make it easier still. There, it is no sin now. You will receive her answer guiltless." I drew the false and glittering diamonds from the finger on which he had put them, and threw them down among the stones and brambles, a hundred feet below us. He never spoke or moved; no agony, no trouble in his face; only a passing cloud; and before I was out of sight he had turned to rejoin her. I had gone with the Leslies, so I could not leave until they did. Shall I be called upon to spend many such weary times as that? Many perhaps now. O for strength to do it bravely! Two lines that I have somewhere read are strangely haunting me to-night. "God has established the thing; no complaining will unestablish it." Then is it best? If He has established it, it must be best. Some have more to bear than this. It can be done, and it shall.

"For the lost dream the heart may ache—
The heart may ache but may not burst;
He will not leave thee nor forsake."

O, if I were like Nat—"content with Him."

That reminds me, he and Lettie have quite decided that I am to go to Ireland to Aunt Bessie. He is to take me on Wednesday, and I will try that it shall do me good, as Lettie says—but in more ways than she can mean.

Tuesday, September 11th.—To-morrow we start on our journey, and I am glad now that I am going. Sometimes the air here seems to stifle me, and I feel as if I could not breathe until I climb the mountains round us. I have said good-bye to all but those at home—that is the worst part of all. I don't know how I shall say it to Lettie and Ben to-morrow. Poor Ben, he is not so studious, even yet, as he might be. Nat grew rather stern with him after he got well, and insisted on his getting up early in the mornings to study. So I went to call him and wait at the door until I heard him up—knowing so well his weakness on that point; but, to my great surprise, he never even then appeared when I expected him, yet had everything ready for his lessons. So I pressed to know how this could be, and at last he owned it to me confidentially. "Well, Miss May, I do generally first get into bed for a minute to—warm my feet." The idea was so novel I could only laugh; but I had to think of another expedient, and now I wait at his door until he assures me that he has thoroughly unmade his bed.

Lettie and I had a day's shopping yesterday—a thing I do dislike beyond all things. We went through the usual process of marching, with a business-like and absorbed expression on our faces, up an avenue of men in clerical costume—a good deal more glossy than poor Nat's—all so painfully devoted to our interest, that I look upon it as a duty to purchase what they condescend to select, even if I am unfortunate enough to have been previously led away by something else.

I did not buy another gay hat though. To my great surprise, Lettie tried to persuade me to; and I don't remember ever having chosen before a dark brown dress.

Good-bye, my little book, till I come home. I could not write anywhere but here.

The moonlight sleeps upon the Towers and upon us. The gentle kindness of our Father watches over both.

O, Errol, Errol, away in Ireland I will pray, as I pray now, for your perfect happiness!

* * * * *

Tuesday, October 30th.—Home again! and very glad to be so, though at present suffering from a recent affliction. The hours I spent between Dublin and Bristol, though to unprejudiced ears they sound so few, had the agony of a month condensed in them; and I felt the passage as rough as ever, as I sat in the drawing-room to-night, trying to feel sure that the lamp did not sway:—trying to forget that stifling, indescribable smell of cabin and brandy—and the voices of strong men over my head who never thought of being ill; and brisk stewardesses who walked at critical moments as if nothing were happening. All to no purpose; and I think I must decide like Ben to go to Dublin next time by land.

No change at the Rectory; dear old Nat and Lettie the same as ever; but—though it seems so long—I have only been away seven weeks after all! But changes elsewhere.

Nat told me all as we sat over the cheerful, little fire together. O Errol, for the old time to have been unbroken now!

"May, dear, I knew that this would be," said Nat, looking into the fire as he always does when there is one to look into. "I knew that she was false from the first, false and heartless; and I am sure he had begun to know it too before he went to London, as he had grown silent and saddened; but she was engaged to him and was very great here, especially at the Towers, and there was no apparent difference till he went. I never shall forget the change in him when he came home; he was not sad then so much as proud and stern, altogether unlike his old self. He spoke to her at once and went away again—thoughtfully, I believe, for her sake—but Mrs. Mark left here directly at her daughter's bidding. They are in London now, as I hear."

"Tell me exactly what he heard there, Nat."

"It seems, Mayda, that Errol chanced to make the acquaintance of the very gentleman whom she had promised to marry as soon as he had received the promotion he was then daily expecting, and who held himself engaged to her."

"Did Mr. Cumberland tell him?"

"No. He came home and told her, as I said, and if she was not ashamed then, I wonder what would shame her."

"I always knew," said Lettie, "that it was the wealth she cared for."

"But we don't know, Lettie; she may have loved *him* really, though she could not have loved the other gentleman."

"To whom, nevertheless, she had 'betrothed herself,' she added, scornfully.

"Where is he, Nat?"

"At home now, darling, with his father."

"Is old Mr. Cumberland very ill?"

"He has been; he is a little better now. Errol has nursed him tenderly as a woman could have done."

"And how—how does he look himself, Nat?"

"Very unhappy—very much older—changed greatly. You must expect to see that."

I have been looking closely, and I see the change too in myself quite as great. Very unhappy, very old! Oh, is there any comfort for him in the time to come?

* * * * *

Saturday, November 3rd.—This has been a day of great anxiety to us all. Nat was at the Towers until the evening, when he came home, telling us Mr. Cumberland was a little better and Errol less hopeless about him, though I did not think, from the way he told us, that he himself was less so at all.

He was resting on his low chair at the fire, looking into it as usual with a very thoughtful face—I playing, as softly as I could, one of Handel's glorious melodies—Lettie working and Ben studying, both in the firelight—when the door opened and my heart beat as I heard the familiar footstep. I turned, with my hand held out. We had not met since the day I threw away the pledge of his broken troth, and it was almost hard to recognise the white, worn face. He bowed without touching my proffered hand and spoke to Nat, pushing the hair from his face, almost as if bewildered.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye." The beautiful air rang in my head, throwing a wild, sorrowful cadence over his low words.

"Will you come once more, Nat? he is asking for you. I could not send to summon you after your long, patient help; but I thought if I came for you, you would add this to all you have done."

Nat rose instantly. "I will hasten on; you are tired, and can come slowly."

Lettie followed to get him a comforter, and I stood opposite to Errol and spoke as naturally as I could. "Will you accept my sympathy in your sorrow?"

I remember that, as I spoke, all the unquiet past seemed to be gone, and a strange unheard of future to gather round us. Could it be death? Oh, no! not that!

Raising his eyes one moment, so doubly dark they looked in his pallid face, he gave me a simple word of thanks and turned away. O Errol, not even now!

Nat has just come home, and I went down to him. Mr. Cumberland is dead—died with his hand in Errol's; and Errol is a lonely, rich man, proud as he never was before—ill and lonely. Oh, all to late! "Comfort ye, comfort ye." How it haunts me in all its wondrous pitifulness!

Monday, December 31st.—Shall I write it? Why not? What eyes beside my own will ever look upon it? I could not write it all through Errol's illness, though I often used to try, that it might take my thoughts from their anxious yearning for him whom I had no right to yearn for more than others, whom I longed so bitterly to see, but who was so far away from me while I looked out in my loneliness upon his home.

He is much better now, and for the last few bright, mild days he has been wheeled about in the gardens, Nat walking beside him always. Strange to say, Nat would tell me hardly anything of his illness, knowing, I suppose, how painful it is to hear of that kind of illness with so much delirium. But no words he could have told me would have made that weary, dreadful time more weary or more hard to bear. Thank God! it is over, and I trust I did not make Nat or Lettie more unhappy.

Nat asked me once or twice to go with him, and wait in different parts of the park until he joined me, and he would tell me of Errol as we walked home. To-day he said Errol was going to walk with him, for that he was strong enough for anything now, and he left me on a quaint old seat under the trees, that stood bare against the blue, winter sky. To that very spot Errol had brought Nat, and Lettie, and me, the first day we visited Ashley Towers, and there we stood and watched the sea dancing in the sunlight, the branches arched above us, rich and heavy with their summer foliage. Now the waves broke quietly and coldly on the beach, and the boughs were bare and gloomy above me as I sat alone. I remembered the beauty of everything on that day. It was only five years ago, and I was a child in every way, as I stood beside them, silently feeling the peacefulness of the summer afternoon in that still, shady spot; but it was nearer to my thoughts, nearer in my memory, than that day only three months ago, when I had turned from him so passionately, and thrown away his ring; and then I waited, thinking—thinking, no need to tell with how much pain—of the time since then.

Nat had not been long away when I heard his step returning, but I did not turn to look until it came quite close. The tall figure bowed with weakness, the white and weary-looking face were not Nat's, and I started and turned pale.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Blackwood. Your brother said he would follow, if I would walk this way. I would not have disturbed you if I had known. I beg your pardon."

Not even yet! . . . My heart stood so still I could not answer; could only look wonderingly into the changed face.

"Please to tell him I have passed on."

Pass on so! My cry rang through the trees. "Errol, Errol, I cannot bear it!"

Motionless before me, looking now intently in my face, he waited.

"Oh, Errol, if I *may* comfort you, I will—indeed I will."

A quick, sudden drawing of his breath and one step towards me; that was all—no softening of the stern, white face.

"Errol, may I tell you something of the love of my life?"

"Yes, do, that it may break my heart at once: 'twill be a fitting end."

"Long ago I gave my love to some one so entirely, so unchangeably, that now, because he has taken his from me, my heart is breaking."

He raised his hand as if to put me away from him, and spoke through his closed teeth. "This is pity for me—only pity."

"Not pity, Errol, for when I offer you the love you used to prize, I will not be content without the love I used to prize, and would prize now if it were mine."

A sudden and wonderful change had come into his face, and after a moment's pause he drew me to him with a passionate tenderness.

"My love, my love! in my weakness and misery you have brought me strength and happiness. I feel so low—my pure little love, can you forgive it?"

"I feel, Errol, as if it had never been."

"My brave, true-hearted little girl! I never dare have spoken—never dare have told you that my love for you was killing me; that it rose in all its strength to torture me from the moment that you spurned it. Oh, how I wronged you, Madeleine! but I have suffered more than you can ever know."

The agony of his love and penitence made me fear for him while he was so weak. "Errol, will you go in now and rest?"

He held me still and gazed into my eyes.

"The beautiful, truthful eyes of old. If they had not come back to me, I must have hidden myself from them for ever. Mayda, this was where I first looked into them and saw their loveliness. It was a childish, merry face then, with all its dreamy look upon the sea, and there is the childish look upon it still. Five years ago, and the little face with its wondering, admiring eyes has haunted this spot ever since. I often thought I was here in my illness; Nat knew, and said I must walk here first. But could I ever dream that this should be a reality? I, so unworthy. My darling, how shall I thank God for this?" He stood a little while, silent and bare-headed, and because I thought I know why it was, I thanked Him too. Then Errol bent down once more. "How shall I know all this is not a dream, Mayda, unless you will take it?"

He drew something from his breast and looked into my face. My own ring—the ring I so contemptuously drew off before.

"When did you find it—how?"

"That very evening, after all were gone. I put it sacredly away even then, though valued so little, so cherished since."

I held out my hand and he put it on once more, and then we went to meet Nat. He know everything as soon as he saw us together, but Errol never thought of that.

"Nat," he said, "good brother, even in my sin and misery, will you give her to me once again, to love and guard and cherish through our lives?"

"With all my heart, dear fellow—if she likes."

"I like, Nat."

Then we went on to the house, and Errol was so unwilling for us to leave him, that Nat promised to fetch him to the Rectory to-morrow morning, but he says quietly that I may take Jerks and drive him. He told Lettie that Errol looked magnificent in his happiness, and Lettie was so happy to hear of it all.

Ben stopped me on the stairs to-night—sleepy as he must have been.

"I waited to see you alone, Miss May. I thought this was coming, and though I don't know what we shall do without you here, of course I am very glad. I shall come to the Towers very often, if I may."

"I hope so, indeed; and will you write me any more poetry, Ben?"

"I will, if you will promise not to show it to him."

Which I did not do.

A long life of love with no sorrow in it! Once I longed so for it, but I don't know that I would change it now. I think the sorrow has purified and strengthened the love, and as for the long life—God's will be done.

* * * * *

There were no marks beyond that day, and I raised my eyes, only half conscious of where I was. Then I laid my two hands lovingly upon the book and looked into the darkening room.

"Papa, I know that pretty spot above the sea; no wonder that you love it so."

"No wonder, dear, indeed."

He had risen and was standing beside me in the window, his gentle touch upon my head.

"You are just the age now that she was—at that time you have read of. I wished you to know that story of your mother's life, though she would never have shown it. You shall read the rest when you can understand it better."

"How, papa."

He smiled, and following his eyes, I saw that Ben Carson, Uncle Nat's old pupil—his firm and constant friend—his fellow-helper in all good works—was coming towards us in the dim light.

"Will he help me to understand?" I whispered.

"Yes, in the time to come."

"And this is little Ben?" I said criticising him much, I am sure, to his surprise. "He must be wonderfully changed."

"So he is," my father said, looking kindly into the noble, honest face, "and yet—the Ben of old exactly."

Then Ben answered, tossing back his tawny hair as he did whenever he meant anything very earnestly. "Changed for any good by the unconscious teaching and the bright example of one you are so like, Madeleine."

"Am I like her? am I really like her, Ben?"

"In many things, but—not so beautiful."

And I was glad each time he said it, and I think I had asked him very many times. I could not picture the mother whose memory was so sacred to me with the face I looked at every day. It was sweet to be like her, but I felt the great difference; and I loved Ben all the better when he told me of it in his open fearless way, quaintly reminding me of the boyish admiration I had just read of; though perhaps I need not have loved him better than I did that afternoon, when we three stood in the darkening twilight thinking of the past.

"Papa," I cried, clinging to him, the present all dreamy to me, while my thoughts were in my mother's book, "I can never be to you what she was, but I will try to grow like her; and this is to be Ben's home, you know."

Then I hid my face upon his shoulder, for I could not stop the tears.

"Hush, dear, no tears for that. There is no doubt or sorrow for her now."

"Madeleine, are you all alone there, and in the dark?"

"Dear Aunt Lettie, we have light enough."

To California by Rail.

For the information of those of our readers who contemplate making the trip to California by way of the Pacific Railroad just completed, we copy the following:

The running time from Chicago to San Francisco, under the present schedule, is five days and a half. The express passenger train leaves Chicago at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and is 24 hours in reaching the Missouri river at Omaha. In this part of his journey the traveller sees by daylight some of the best parts of Illinois and Iowa, but crosses the Mississippi river at night. Leaving Omaha about four o'clock in the afternoon, he passes through the first and best one hundred miles of Nebraska by daylight. During the night, he is going over the monotonous country of the Plains, and reaches the parting of the Platte river for an early breakfast. From there to Cheyenne, which he reaches at half-past four, he is still upon the Plains, of which he sees enough to satisfy his curiosity. From Cheyenne to Laramie, the most interesting of the ascent of the high table lands of the Rocky Mountains, he still has the benefit of daylight, and during it he passes from Laramie over the highest point on the whole line between the two oceans to Bitter Creek. He sees nothing because of the darkness, but loses nothing, as the country is barren and uninteresting. From Bitter Creek to Wasatch, which he passes over during the daytime, he sees a portion of the desert country of the mountains, but he enters and passes through the interesting section of the Buttes, crosses the Green river, goes by Fort Bridger, and, with much that is dull and barren, yet finds, also, much that is most inspiring and strange in natural scenery. From Wasatch to Ogden, in the Salt Lake valley, through Echo and Weber canyons, and through Devil's Gate, the train goes in the evening, and the traveller loses some of the most desirable scenery upon the whole route of the Pacific Railroad. On the return trip, too, he passes the same section in the night.

At present, only one express train is run each way; but when the travel justifies double daily trains, as it soon will, care should be be taken to secure on the return journey the scenery which the passenger loses in going out, so that the ride back and forth will afford him by daylight the entire panorama across the continent travel. At present, he enters the Salt Lake valley at Ogden at midnight, and reaches Promontory Point, at the head of the lake, early in the morning, three and a half days from Chicago, and two and a half from Omaha. Then he passes through the desert basin country along the valley of the Humboldt, during the daytime, and enters upon the grand ascent of the Sierra Nevadas before the next morning. The descent into California, is made, however, and happily, by daylight; and the traveller reaches Sacramento on the evening of his fifth day from Chicago.

Education in England.

It is a mistake to suppose, as we perceive some tolerably well-informed people do, that there is no well-organized and general system of gratuitous or semi-gratuitous public education in England, and that the ignorance which prevails among certain classes of her people is wholly the result of the absence of the means of education. On the contrary, instead of there being no public schools in which education is afforded to any one who asks for it, there are no less than three different classes of these schools, which have been built up by the voluntary efforts of the three different religious parties which exist in England—the Episcopalians, the Dissenters and Non-Conformists of all denominations, and the Roman Catholics. There are in England and Wales 14,709 parishes, chapelries, and other ecclesiastical districts, and there are only 338 of these in which the Episcopalians have not established good week-day schools, open to all comers. The Dissenters and Non-Conformists have done nearly as much, and the Roman Catholics are busy in establishing their schools in all the towns and districts where they have a population of any number. Then there are the immense number of endowed schools, which the government now proposes to convert into public schools of the higher grades. All this work has been accomplished chiefly by private contributions, aided only by a government grant of £800,000.—*N. Y. World.*

Intestinal Worms.

Last November we published in The People a statement of Mr. E. G. Haserick of Lake Village, copied from the Journal of Chemistry, claiming the discovery of certain habits of intestinal worms, and the removal of them by the simple application of lard to the external orifice. In reference to the matter the editor of that publication in its last issue says:—"From observations and experiments made by ourselves and others, we are convinced that Mr. Haserick's views are correct, and that in presenting them to our readers we were instrumental in disseminating some new and most valuable information. It is now quite certain, that the ova or eggs of the common pin-worm, require *light* and *air* to hatch them, and that they are always deposited outside of the spincter muscle, where the conditions are favorable for hatching. It is also probable that by keeping those parts well anointed with lard, the eggs cannot be deposited; and, as the life of the parasite does not exceed six or seven days, they may be completely removed from the intestines in that time by the use of lard. Numerous instances of complete success with the remedy, in case of children and animals, have come to our knowledge in the last six months, and therefore we think it worthy of trial. This discovery lays upon the shelf all the 'worm lozenges,' 'vermifuges,' and 'pink and senna' draughts, so disgusting to mothers and children, and substitutes therefor an innocent external application."—*Concord (N. H.) People.*

A RECORD OF THE ANCIENT AMERICANS.—The Helena (Montana) Herald says that near Diamond City, recently, a stone was found on the bed rock, about thirty feet below the surface, weighing 150 pounds, about two-and-a-half feet in length, eight inches thick and eighteen inches wide. The surface of the stone is very smooth, and upon it an inscription in three straight lines in unknown characters, running the whole length of the block. The hieroglyphics are deeply cut and very plain. No one has yet been able to translate them. It is almost certain that they are a record of an antediluvian age.

☞ The marriage of Lord Byron's only granddaughter, Lady Anne Isabel Noel King Noel, has just taken place, and she is now Lady Anne Blunt. Her mother was Lord Byron's only daughter, Ada.

☞ New Orleans makes ice which it claims is better than that in the North, and sells it for one cent a pound.

☞ One day last week, says the Democratic Republican, an individual of the African persuasion entered the office of the probate judge in that city, when the following dialogue ensued: "Is dis de place whar dey gits license for to git married?" "Yes." "Well, I got married two years ago wid a license, and now my wife's done run away and left me, and I want to get my name scratched off."

☞ A gentleman asked a negro boy if he wouldn't take a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darkey, very respectfully, "me tank you. Fomp's nose not hungry."

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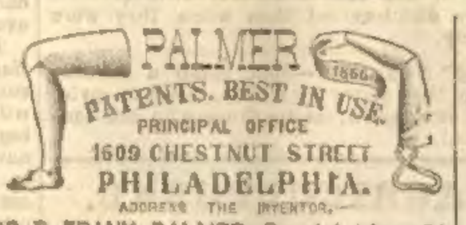

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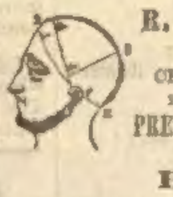

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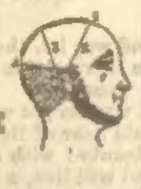

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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

AGENTS. AGENTS. AGENTS.

The Pacific Railroad Opened.

Seven Days from New York to San Francisco

And now a new interest is felt in

THE GREAT WEST

by everybody. We have issued a NEW EDITION of our popular work,

"BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI,"

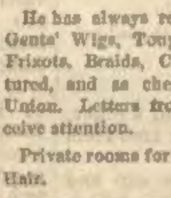
By Albert D. Richardson, written up by the author to the Summer of 1869. Nothing out will compare with this book now. New text, new engravings, new index, new maps. It now contains 620 pages, 216 illustrations, and is the most complete of all books on the list. We sell it with all additions at its original price.

It is the only book that can show

THE OLD WEST AS IT WAS, AND THE NEW WEST AS IT IS.

Agents should not attempt to sell imitation books or those which cover but a small portion of our Western territory and a limited space of time, but give people what they really want, the full and complete history of the whole West from 1857 down to the present time. We shall pay large commissions on this work, and agents can get terms by applying to the publishers.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
Hartford, Conn.
BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J. je26-6t



Curls! Curls!

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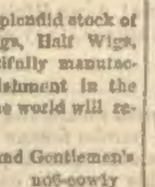
SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with stamp, Prof. R. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. my23-3m

LADY AGENTS WANTED in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from $5 to $10 a day. Send for circular. MADAME DE VOE, Empress Manufacturing Co., 746 Broadway, New York city. my22-4teow

CANCER

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address,

DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
mar27-6m 700 Broadway, New York.

Agents! Read This!

We will Pay Agents a Salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions.

Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. my29-3m

A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY.—Full directions by which any one can easily prepare a certain cure for *DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DEBILITY*, &c., mailed to invalids on receipt of 10 cts. *It has stood the test of over 40 years.* Address Dr. PALMER, Lock Box F., Brooklyn, New York. my29-6t

WHISKEY, 10 cents a gallon; instructions 25 cents. Address Box 14, Port Deposit, Md. jy3-3m

EMPLOYMENT that pays. For particulars, address S. M. Spencer & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

Savage's Ursina.

PURE GREASE OF THE CANADA BEAR.

Superior to every other pomade for softening, giving a brilliant gloss, and increasing the growth of the Hair.

EVANS, MERCER & Co., (late Lamplough & Campbell), Montreal, Proprietors,

AND SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MUSKET SHOT GUNS WARRANTED to shoot close and kill 60 yards. Price, $2.50. Wanted.—Army Guns and Revolvers. Send stamp for price list Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, to JOHNSTON'S GUN WORKS, Pittsburg, Pa.

$9 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. RENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed

Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

$3,500 PER YEAR to sell "*Wonder of the World.*" J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

SWEET QUININE — SVAPNIA

SWEET QUININE, *is warranted* equal—dose for dose—to the sulphate (bi[illegible]) Quinine, with the important advantage of being sweet instead of bitter.

SVAPNIA, is OPIUM PURIFIED of its sickening and poisonous properties, it is the most perfect ANODYNE and SOOTHING OPIATE yet discovered.

Sold by druggists, prescribed by best physicians. STEARNS, FARR & CO., Chemists, New York.

$100 CASH FOR ORIGINAL PUZZLES will be given by *Merryman's Monthly*. See present number, of any newsdealer. Four different numbers as samples to new readers, cent, post-paid, for 25 cts.—half price. Largest, best and cheapest magazine of its kind. JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York.

HANEY'S ART OF TRAINING ANIMALS tells all secrets of the most successful trainers, horse breaking, sporting dogs and all animals, all circus trick, snake charming, farm animals, &c. 200 large pages, 90 illustrations, only 50 cts. of booksellers or JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York. Only complete book.

TO THE LADIES.—For 10 cts. we will send by return mail two papers Milward's *ASSORTED NEEDLES*, and catalogue of *DRY AND FANCY GOODS* which can be sent by mail. MESERVE & CO., 35 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents,

40 Park Row, New York.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

The firm, whose letter we print below, gave us in 1867 what was then the largest contract we had ever received for our "Lists of 100 Local Newspapers." The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best argument we can give that these "Lists" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Axes, Shovels, Saws, &c.,
No. 118 Water Street,
PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 2, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.:

Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.

But a short time elapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colburn's Patent Red Jacket Ax," proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent Ax.

The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers" is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to-day forward you an order still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether four (4) Lists of One Hundred (100) local papers.

The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents the more satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the Ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of advertising by "Lists" we have accomplished in one year what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish. Respectfully,

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL.

We believe there has never been an advertising contract given out in New York city for which the competition was so great as for the one which was awarded us in September last by P. H. Drake & Co. They had also made application to the publishers direct in all cases. Their letter states the result:

OFFICE OF P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 40 Park Row, N. Y.:

Gents:—Having compared your figures with those furnished us by other advertising agencies and with the terms obtained from publishers direct, for the insertion of advertisements of Plantation Bitters and Magnolia Water, we find them satisfactory, and accept your contract as given in letter of this date.

Oblige us by causing the advertisements to appear without unnecessary delay. Your bills for the amount, $43,779 26, (Forty-three Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-six Dollars and Twenty-six Cents,) will be paid in accordance with the terms proposed. Yours, very respectfully,

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,

SEND FOR OUR 24 PAGE CIRCULAR which contains: A List of over One Thousand Newspapers, (*the best advertising mediums,*) and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable information on the subject of advertising, free for 3 cent stamp. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents,

No. 40 Park Row, N. Y.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Lot of Anecdotes.

FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Just before the battle of Buena Vista the Mexicans were indulging in a few odd shots with escopete balls, the whistling of which leaves an impression never to be forgotten. The division of General Joe Lane, of Indiana, was in battle array, and in it his favorite Indiana regiment. Placing himself in front of this regiment, he observed the heads of the boys bowing whenever these whistling shots came by, and indignantly gave the command, "Indiana regiment, no dodging!" This had the desired effect; but soon came whirling along a twenty-four-pounder, and down went the general's head with the rest; whereupon he immediately faced about, and with stentorian voice exclaimed, "Indiana regiment, *dodge the big ones!*" That order was obeyed.

The peculiar conformation of the foot of a freedman seems to be satisfactorily accounted for by a Belle Plain, Iowa, correspondent, who says:—

A little negro passing our drug store was accosted with, "I say, Bub, what makes your feet so long behind?" The little negro answered, "Why, massa, you see when de Lord made us niggahs he thought he wouldn't give us any feet; but when he made up his mind to gub 'em, we was so glad dat we jumped right into de middle of 'em—dat's *so!*"

A few years since there lived in one of the most populous towns of Ohio an old lady with two unmarried daughters, who owned a good property near the centre of the town. One night the old lady departed this life, and next day one of the daughters, being in a neighbor's house, remarked: "I may as well tell you now as any time—mother died last night."

Of course the neighbors made all necessary arrangements for the funeral, and procured a nice carriage for the mourners, who reluctantly consented to enter it, though the cemetery was a mile distant. After the body had been deposited in its last resting-place, and the procession was about to return, one of the bereaved stepped up to the driver and asked, "*Can't you give us a little ride around town?*" which he politely declined to do.

A few days after the funeral a neighbor was condoling with one of the daughters, and remarked: "You must be very lonely, and miss your mother very much."

To which she replied: "Oh, yes! we do—*mother used to eat up all the burned cookies!*"

Little Howard R., of Alden, Illinois, came into the room where his mother had just hung up a clean curtain, and made the astute observation: "Oh, ma, the window has got on a clean shirt!"

A story is told of Mr. ——, of Georgia, (perhaps manufactured) in regard to his first session in the Georgia Legislature. He can neither read nor write. Sitting one day in the public room of the old Milledgeville Hotel, a strolling Italian came in with the usual petition, stating that he had been wrecked in coming over to this country, and wanted to raise a little money to get back.

He handed his paper to Mr. ——, who thought that all things there must pertain to the Legislature, and that this seedy-looking fellow wanted him to vote for something. He could not plead ignorance, and so took the paper, and after seeming to read it carefully gave it back, saying, in a loud tone, "My duty to my constituents would never let me vote for that bill, sir."

His secret was out, and everybody smiled out loud.

The Man With Three Wives.

Copley, the artist, was elected a Royal Academician, and lived much respected by his brother artists and by the public. Once, and only once, he figured as a party in a court of justice. A rich citizen of Bristol came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece.

"It wants but one thing," said the head of the family, "and that is the portrait of my first wife, for this one is my second."

"But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir. What can I do? She is only to be admitted as an angel."

"Oh, no, not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman; no angels for me."

The portrait of the first wife was added; but while the picture remained in the studio, the citizen returned with a strange lady on his arm.

"I must have another cast of your hand, Mr. Copley," said he, "an accident befel my second wife, this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family group."

The painter complied, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the living lady. She remained silent, but afterwards called by herself and remonstrated.

"Never was such a thing heard of; it was unchristian that a man should have three wives at once; her character would be gone if she submitted to it; out her predecessors must go."

And she solemnly declared that she had her husband's full authority for the alteration. The artist yielded, and immediately sent the picture home, that he might have no more trouble with it. But the enraged trigamist, without sending it back, refused to pay for it, and being sued, set up a defence that it was not according to order. The judge before whom the action was tried left it to the jury, "whether they did not believe that, under the circumstances, the third wife had the authority of the defendant for directing the ejection of the first and second wife;" and the plaintiff recovered a verdict for the full amount of his demands.—*Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

The Wrong Smell.

A high officer of the Sons of Temperance presenting himself with the smell of grog he had been drinking upon him, at the door of a "Division" for admission, was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the following passed:

"Sir," said he, "an' yez are Mister O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Khaintucky, I do be afther belavin'."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell yez the truth, then, sir, and shame the divil," said Pat, "yez do be havin' the right password for a Son of Temperance, entirely; but by the Holy Virgin and the blessed Saint Patherick, yez got the wrong smell."

OLD GENTLEMAN (who has not hurried over his dinner, and has just got his bill.)—"Waiter, what's this? I'm charged here two cents for stationery. You know I've had none—"

IRISH WAITER.—"Faix! yer honor, I don't know. Y'ave been sittin' here a long t-h-ime, anyhow!"

A GIRL'S SONG.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Unkind was he, the first who sang
The spring-tide shamed, the flower's decay!
What woman yet without a pang
Could hear of Beauty's fleeting May?
Oh, Beauty! with me bide, and I
A maid will live, a maid will die.

Could I be always fair as now,
And hear, as now, the poets sing
"The long-lashed eyes, the virgin brow,
The hand well worthy kiss and ring,"
Then, then some casual grace were all
That e'er from me on man should fall!

I sailed last night on Ina's stream;
Warm mid the wave my fingers lay;
The cold-lipped Naiad in my dream
Kissed them, and sighed, and slipped away—
Ah me! down life's descending tide
Best things, they say, the swiftliest glide.

Gutta-Percha.

Gutta means the gum or juice of a plant, and percha means the particular tree from which this gum is procured.

This gum is contained in the sap and milky juices of the tree. The way in which the gutta, or gum, is obtained is by cutting down the trees, and ringing the bark at the distance of from ten to fifteen inches apart, and placing a cocoa-nut shell under the fallen trunk of the tree to receive the hardened sap that oozes out upon every incision. After the sap is collected, it is boiled to separate the gum from the water. When the gum has become well softened by boiling, it is rolled out in thin sheets, and all impurities are picked or rubbed off.

This gum is remarkable for the ease with which it may be manufactured. By immersing it for a few minutes in hot water, it becomes soft and plastic, and may be moulded to any form, which it retains upon cooling. This was first discovered by the inhabitants of the Malaysian Islands, who manufactured it into various domestic articles, some of which were buckets, tubs, basins, jugs, and shoes.

The gutta-percha tree is a native of the Malaysian Islands and the neighboring countries, where it attains the height of from sixty to seventy feet, and from two to four feet in diameter.

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

That old-fashioned mother!—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old, but in the plumed troop, or the grave council, are children still; one who welcomed us going, and never forgets us—never. And when in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a garment, or a toy that once was ours, how does she weep, as she thinks we may be suffering or sad. Does the battle of life drive the wanderer to the old homestead. Her hand is upon his shoulder; her dim and fading eyes are kindled with something of "the light of other days," as she gazes upon his worn and troubled face. "Be of stout heart, my son! No harm can reach you here." But sometimes that arm-chair is set back against the wall, the chair is vacant, or another's, and they seek the dear old occupant in the graveyard. Grant you never have! Pray God, I never may!

☞ In thirty-one words, how many "thats" can be grammatically inserted? Fourteen: He said that *that* that that man said was not *that* that *that* one should say, but that *that* that *that* man said was *that* that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following "says" and "saids:" Mr. B——, did you say or did you not say what I said you said? because C—— said you said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?

☞ It is strictly and philosophically in nature and in reason that there is no such thing as chance or accident; it being evident that these words do not signify anything really existing, anything that is truly an agent or the cause of an event, but they signify, merely, men's ignorance of the real and immediate cause.

☞ How to make a clean sweep—wash him.

☞ Balzac says women of forty-five often have new and stronger affections than ever before, and that their love is deeper and more disinterested than when they were young.

☞ A TRUTH.—Men make a mistake when they marry for beauty, talent or style. The sweetest wives are those who are contented.

AGRICULTURAL.

Lawns.

A firm, velvety, elastic turf for a front yard or lawn we regard as one of the most beautiful of all the outward adornments of a home. But in consequence of the violence of our climate it is undoubtedly more difficult to keep a lawn in good order in this country than it is in England, and hence perhaps the popularity of trees and shrubbery, which sometimes make our dwellings look as though their occupants were reverting to the tastes of the aborigines. We are glad to see evidences of a change of fashion in this respect. Lawns are becoming more common, and we think many will be interested in the following statement of Prof. Eastman of Commercial College fame, who has recently fitted up extensive pleasure grounds in connection with his residence in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., especially as his plan is as applicable to a small yard as to a broad lawn. We copy from an article in the Dutchess, N. Y. Farmer:—

I read much on the subject, before I made my first attempt, determined that the work should be well and intelligently done. I then commenced operations by draining, trenching, subsoiling, manuring, grading, ploughing, spreading Plaster of Paris and Peruvian Guano, harrowing, picking off the stones and coarse lots of earth, and finally sowing seeds of the best mixture and quality bountifully; raked again, rolled it and waited for the result. I had followed directions to the letter, at an extravagant expense, and expected to have a perfect lawn in a very short time. I have now waited four years and find it far from what I had reasonably expected it would be the next season. I have added greatly to the expense each year by weeding, re-seeding, filling up the uneven places, &c., &c., but my disappointment at the result has been more than all.

The next season I concluded to lay down four acres more, and to try another plan. I omitted two-thirds of the labor I had expended on the first lawn, and one-half the expense in manure and fertilizers. I simply ploughed the ground deep, manured it as thoroughly as for a garden crop, graded and removed all stones and rubbish. I then purchased, for a small sum, from the farmers near the city, sod enough to cover the whole four acres. I selected this sod from low, mucky places, in ravines and between the hills from ground that had long been in grass. Selecting the sod from these uncultivated places enabled me to get just what I required, a sod of fine velvety grass, free from weeds and of unequalled richness, at a small expense. I prepared at small expense a cutter resembling a corn marker, except the teeth were of iron and thin and sharp. With this I cut the sod in stripe a foot wide and eighteen inches long. Then with spades lifted them from the ground at a uniform thickness of two inches. These were at once carted to the ground already prepared, and laid down as evenly and firmly as possible, and with much less expense, labor and time than would be supposed, the entire lot was covered. I then rolled it thoroughly with a heavy roller. The sod being two inches in thickness showed no signs of being transplanted, and in three weeks from the time they were laid it presented a firm and even surface. I then mowed the lawn with a scythe, and a week later went over it with my lawn mower. This lawn has now been down for three years and speaks for itself. Suffice it to say it is a perfect success. It is the first to respond to Nature's call in the spring, and the last to yield to her demands in the fall.

It has never been weeded but once, and has been cut from two to three times a week during the summer season with a lawn mower, and grows more beautiful and perfect every day. It is regularly top-dressed every fall with long horse manure.

The above method has been tried by quite a number on a large and small scale and found to succeed most admirably. After a careful estimate of the expense incurred in making the two lawns, I found a large balance in favor of the latter, to say nothing of the vexations and delay caused by the first plan. The two inches of sod was equal to a two-inch dressing of manure, and the saving in this respect alone, to say nothing of seed and extra labor, was almost equal to the expense of sodding.

Preservation of Harness and Carriages.

A large portion of those who own harness and carriages, either through ignorance or carelessness pay so little attention to their preservation, that in a few months they generally look soiled and old. If proper care is taken, this may be avoided. The principal difficulty results from allowing the mud to remain on for a long time or from the manner of washing it off, and we will give a few hints about keeping harness and carriages in good order.

Those who have the care of a harness need not be troubled to prevent it from geting wet, for leather, if in a good condition, is seldom injured by water. Care should be taken, however, to hang up the harness, and not allow it to be thrown into a heap on the floor, to lie and mould, instead of drying off.

The leather should be kept fairly oiled, but the harness should first be taken apart and washed with soft water, and the oil may be rubbed in while the leather is moist, care being taken that the application is thoroughly made. For this purpose neats-foot oil is considered the best. If the harness also needs blacking, a little lamp-black should be added to the oil, and the rubbing should be continued until a white cloth may be used in wiping off the harness without being soiled. Leather varnish should never be used on harness. In cleaning the plating, rotten stone or whiting may be used, but generally an occasional rubbing off with a woolen cloth will be all that is necessary.

The first thing to remember in cleaning a carriage is that the mud which may accumulate is not to be taken off by rubbing; if it is dry, (and it should never be allowed to become so if it is possible to prevent it,) soap it well and let it get soft, so that by throwing on water it will run off. After the carriage has thus been thoroughly rinsed off, and all the corners cleaned out, the work may be finished with a pail of clean cold water and a good sponge; if the sponge is not clean, it will be likely to scratch the paint. After washing, a piece of chamois skin should be used to rub all the paint and polished work until it is thoroughly dry. It is hardly necessary to say that no one who cares at all for a nice looking carriage will ever leave dirt in the corners.

There need be no fear of washing a carriage too often; if washed every time it is run out, and dried with a chamois, there will generally be less trouble about the cracking of paint. But the care of a carriage does not end with the washing. A suitable room to keep it in is always a very important consideration. A coach-house that is not properly ventilated, or in a damp place, where steam of any kind passes through it, will, in a short time, furnish the opportunity for destroying the best painted carriage ever made; in these cases it is too common to attribute the fault to the painter.

RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Written by an amateur shortcake maker to an amateur (but very skillful) shortcake eater.

Of all the rich dainties of the epicure's dreaming,
Your trout and your game may the appetite pall,
But for three times a day, and a lunch intervening,
A strawberry shortcake is better than all.

And give me a wife that knows how to make it,
(Or if willing to learn, that might answer as well.)
Now the way that the housewife should make it and bake it,
To assist the unlearned, I am going to tell.

Stir into your flour some cream rich and golden;
No servant should do it, no hand but your own;
Bake quickly, and when it is out of the oven,
Cut open and butter as soon as 'tis done.

Then heap on your berries. How fragrant the odor,
As crushed with the sugar they lie 'neath your hand!
It may not be "food for the gods," but no mortal
A piece of this strawberry cake could withstand.

GOOSEBERRY CREAM.—Pake a quart of gooseberries and boil them very quick in enough water to cover them; stir in half an ounce of good butter; when they become soft pulb them through a sieve, sweeten the pulb while it is hot, and then beat it up with the yolks of four eggs. Serve in a dish or glass cup.

FOR A DISH OF RICE.—Take half a pound of rice, washed in salt and water; then put in two quarts of boiling water, and boil it briskly for twenty minutes; then strain it into a cullender, and shake it into a dish, but not touch it with your fingers nor a spoon, and to be served up in a dish by itself.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put two pounds of fruit into a bowl, and pour upon it half a gallon of best white wine vinegar. The following day strain the liquor on two pounds of fresh raspberries, and the next day also; but take care not to squeeze the fruit, only drain it as dry as possible. The next day pass it through a canvas bag, previously wet with vinegar. Put the whole into a stone jar with a pound of sugar (broken into lumps) to every pint of liquor; stir till dissolved, then stand the jar in a saucepan of water (placed over the fire till it simmers,) taking care to skim well; then bottle it tight.

A STEWED LEG OF LAMB WITH WHITE SAUCE.—A plump leg of lamb, weighing from four pounds to five pounds and a half, is the best for this purpose. Put as much cold water as will cover it into a saucepan, place at the bottom some veal bones, put in the lamb with two carrots sliced, a bunch of thyme, and some parsley. Let it boil slowly, and remove carefully all the scum that rises to the surface; let the lamb simmer gently for an hour and a half, and serve with white sauce poured over it, which must be made in the following manner. Serve a boiled tongue to be eaten with it. *White Sauce.*—Take a pint of good veal gravy freed from all fat; stir into it a quarter-pound of fresh butter mixed with a little flour; season with cayenne pepper and mace, and a wineglassful of sherry wine, and a little lemon-peel finely chopped. Let these ingredients simmer together, boil them up, and add a gill of good cream a few minutes before serving.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 2, 19, 11, 4, is a vehicle.
My 2, 10, 4, 22, 15, 21, 7, is a man's name.
My 8, 17, 9, 14, 13, 18, 22, 21, is a flower.
My 14, 18, 20, 11, 5, 6, is a county in Missouri.
My 16, 5, 13, 22, 3, 13, 8, is a vegetable.
My whole is a celebrated book.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Problem.

The perpendicular of a triangle is 64 feet, the radius of its inscribed circle 28 feet, and the radius of its circumscribing circle 85 feet. Required—the sides of the triangle.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many dissimilar right angled triangles, the sides being all of integer lengths, may be constructed on a hypothenuse whose length is 1105? J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is an old tooth like royalty? Ans.—When it's a king (aching.)

☞ Why is a man who has no children invisible? Ans.—Because he's not a parent.

☞ Why does an invalid envy a red herring? Ans.—Because it's cured.

☞ When is a tailor like a train of siege artillery? Ans.—When he's employed making breeches.

☞ Why must a lady always expect her lover to do wrong? Ans.—Because she knows he has an inclination to err (to her.)

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Jennie Stricklin.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 17th—60, 80 and 60.46224 perches respectively—A. Martin, E. P. Norton, J. Scott and J. S. Phebus. The sides of the field are 45, 68, 301, 145—W. J. Barrett.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—It will take 2 lbs. of powder to discharge it from the mortar, and will burst at the distance of 1320 feet above the house—M. Stevens.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of April 24th—5 and 2 yards—W. M. Morrow, J. W. Bowler, W. J. Barrett, J. S. Phebus, J. Scott, E. P. Norton, D. M., G. S. McIntire, J. N. Soders.

Answers to Delta's PROBLEM of same date—$914 45 cts. and 1-100 of a cent more than ⅛ of another cent, exact—D. Diefenbach, J. N. Soders, D. M., E. P. Norton, J. Scott, W. J. Barrett. $914.8334—J. W. Bowler. $104.85½—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—8,3764 inches—E. P. Norton and J. N. Soders. 8.21½—G. S. McIntire. 8¼ inches—D. M.

Answer to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date—The area is 21,660—J. Scott, G. S. McIntire, E. P. Norton, W. J. Barrett and J. N. Soders.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of May 1st—5 miles per hour—W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders and J. Scott. He would row in still water 4 1-10 miles—W. J. Barrett. The rate is 14 minutes, 17½ seconds to the mile—D. M.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date—$3,790.50—D. Diefenbach, J. N. Soders, J. Scott, W. J. Barrett, W. Hoover. $3,790.45 6 cts.—D. M.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—$40 and $60—E. P. Norton, J. S. Phebus, J. W. Bowler, W. Hoover, W. J. Barrett, J. Scott and J. N. Soders.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of May 8th—Probability is ½—M. Stevens.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—4 and 5 yards—W. H. Morrow, W. J. Barrett, J. Scott, J. N. Soders, J. W. Bowler and J. S. Phebus. 12 and 15 feet—N. Un. Inturff.

Answers to P. Jarrett's PROBLEM of same date—1228.40869773950944 cubical inches—D. Diefenbach. 1136.674 cubic inches—J. Scott. 1305.2215 cubic inches—J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of May 15th—7 and 6 per cent.—W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, J. W. Bowler, J. Scott, W. Hoover and G. S. McIntire.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—From B to D 20 miles, and from D to C 24 miles—E. P. Norton, W. Hoover, J. Scott, J. S. Phebus and J. N. Soders. From B to D 36 miles, and from D to C 12 miles—W. J. Barrett and G. S. McIntire. B to D 26 miles, C to D 19½ miles—J. W. Bowler.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date—2560 acres—F. M. Priest, J. W. Bowler, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, G. S. McIntire and J. Scott.

SANDWICHES.—To make these in the best manner—that is, that they may have a true relishing character—chop fine some cold, lean ham, say about a quarter of a pound; put in a dish with a tablespoon of chopped pickles and a teaspoon or two of mustard, a little cayenne; then put about six ounces of soft butter in another dish, and with a spoon stir quickly until it forms a kind of cream; add the ham and seasoning, mix all well; have the sandwich bread cut in thin slices; have already cut, also in thin pieces, roast beef, veal, lamb, mutton, poultry, &c., lay evenly on the bread; season with sufficient salt and pepper; cover over with another piece of bread, and when done cut in any shape you like, but rather small and tastily. They will keep under cover in good condition for twelve hours.

TABLE-SAUCE.—The table-sauce which is found in our first-class hotels and so much liked by travellers, and which is delicious with many dishes, especially lobster and game, is made from the following receipt:—1 part lemon juice; 1 part mushroom catsup; 1 part port or claret; with a little cayenne pepper.

TO REMOVE A STOPPER FROM A DECANTER.—Wet a cloth with hot water and wrap it round the neck of the bottle; this will cause the glass to expand, and the neck will be enlarged so as to allow of the stopper to be withdrawn without any trouble.

☞ Hypocrisy, says Burke, delights in the most sublime speculations—for never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.

☞ An exchange has an advertisement for a servant who is a "plain cook and able *to dress a little boy* five years old."